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No. 31.

THE MIRROR

SAINT LOUIS



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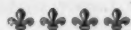
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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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REFLECTIONS

Peary's New Expedition

COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY is "at it again. He has been given a few years' furlough by the Navy Department at Washington, and will organize another North Pole expedition, New York capitalists to furnish the money. He has mapped out a new plan of operation, which provides for a systematic, cautious advance towards the goal, and the establishment of many supply depots. The explorer seems to be confident of ultimately realizing his daring ambition. In his new expedition he will undoubtedly eclipse the record made by the Duke of Abruzzi, who came within almost two hundred miles of the Pole. If Commander Peary were to succeed at last, he would achieve something sure to perpetuate his name in history, and to gain him the American people's enthusiastic acclaim.



Flying Machines

FLYING machines are fast multiplying. They can be had in all sizes and in all forms. None of them, however, appears to be much of a flyer. Some of them refuse to budge after the apparatus has been set a-going; others break down just at the moment when the thing reaches the interesting stage. It will be a long while before anybody in full possession of his senses will dare to take a "flyer" in these new-fangled machines. There is much less danger in the taking of a "flyer" in stocks or grain. In the circumambient air man is out of his element. He feels best and safest on *terra firma*. It is all very well to wish for and dream of the time when man will have the wings of a dove and be able to fly away at will, but the question is, how are you going to fasten and use such wings?



The Wireless Telephone

THE wireless telephone will soon be in successful operation in Germany, where Ruhmer's invention is now being perfected, the apparatus, including a burnt cork receiver and a parabolic reflector for arc light or sunlight. Thus the march of scientific progress continues. Time and space, of which the metaphysicians were in the habit of talking so profoundly and mysteriously, are being defied and annihilated at a rate that must fill one with amazement at the vast ingenuity and potentialities of the human mind. The universe is shrinking, while the mind of man is constantly expanding and penetrating further and further into regions formerly undreamed, unseen.



Increase in Crime

THERE is an alarming increase in *crimes d'amour*. The papers are filled with reports of murders originating in sexual passions. Must this be regarded as additional evidence of degeneration? Sexuality, it seems, has grown more potent and bold in its manifestations as a result of the increasing strain upon the nervous system. Erotomania finds its striking reflection in many works of fiction of the present day. Specialists in nervous diseases have been cognizant of this for some time. Erotomania is accompanied and signalized by bizarre moralizing, loose

thinking, tearful sentimentality and instability of judgment and resolution. In criminology the sexual passions play an important part. They are, perhaps, responsible for three-fourths of the crimes committed nowadays.



The Annual Sacrifice

At the postal clerks' convention, held in Kansas City recently, resolutions were adopted vigorously protesting against the use of defective mail cars. The assertion was made that several clerks had been needlessly killed in train wrecks within the past year through the collapsing of light cars, and that this could have been avoided if the railroad equipment had been first-class. One cannot but sympathize with the position taken by the mail clerks. Theirs is a dangerous vocation, and for that reason alone calls for the best of modern safeguards in the protection of life and limb. In this country altogether too little value is placed upon human life. In the recent report of the Anthracite Coal Strike Commission it was pointed out that in Pennsylvania mines two men are killed on every working day. The mining of coal entails an annual loss of a number of heads of families sufficient to constitute a town of about three thousand inhabitants. Undoubtedly, the number of such fatalities could be materially reduced by the adoption of proper precautionary measures in matters of ventilation and the use of machinery. They value human life more highly on the other side of the Atlantic. In Great Britain the coal mining fatalities are only at the rate of 1.29 per thousand men employed; in Austria, they are still less, being 0.9 per thousand. These rates compare with one of 3.47 per thousand in Pennsylvania. State Legislatures will do well in looking into the causes of this frightful annual sacrifice of human lives. While there are some corporations who are honestly and intelligently striving to reduce the number of fatalities, there are also many others who are inexcusably indifferent to such things, who have little regard for human life, because there is such an apparent abundance of it. The poor workingman has to be glad to be allowed to work for wages. If he expresses dissatisfaction with the condition, or make of his tools and machinery, or the conditions in which he labors, he is simply told to go elsewhere. In the course of time, employers will be made to realize the inhumanity of such treatment. At the present day, the workingman is entitled to good tools, good machinery and well ventilated and well lighted workshops. He should not be made to assume undue risks merely because he has to work for a living.



Evolution in Socialism

GERMAN Socialists are engaged in a bitter factional fight. Bebel, one of the foremost leaders of the party, and an inflexible adherent of the original "doctrinaire" programme, has been hissed and hooted at the late Berlin convention by numerous members of the party who are followers of the opportunist, practical-minded Bernstein. The latter urges an abandonment of all Utopian ideals. At the Erfurt convention, some years ago, he made a vehement, powerful appeal to the party to break away from old moorings, and to take a more active and more direct part in politics. Bernstein believes in Liberalism rather than Socialism. He well recognizes that it would be utterly preposterous

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longer to carry on the Socialistic propaganda along exclusively idealistic lines. He is not averse to advantageous compromises with conservative parties; he courts fighting in and out of parliament, not with a view solely to antagonizing anything and everything proposed by the government, but with the intention occasionally to induce certain though, perhaps, only trifling changes in legislation, and thus demonstrate the power of the Socialistic party to the parliamentary majority. There is every indication that the less radical wing of the party is gradually gaining the upperhand, and by its avowed determination to eschew all revolutionary theories and practices making thousands of proselytes in circles where formerly Socialism used to be regarded with contemptuous indifference, if not with terror.



Miss Goelet's Engagement

MISS GOELET has at last secured, not a saturnine Romanoff grand-duke, but a simple and fairly intelligent British nobleman—the Duke of Roxeburgh. Assurance is given us that it is a pure, beautiful, ideal love-match. We are glad to hear it, because we did not look for it. It seemed very much, at times, as if Miss Goelet were out on a fierce, audacious, strategic hunt for an eligible aristocratic candidate of the *ancien régime* for her hand, heart and millions. We are told that her fiancé is a good-looking young fellow, of robustious health. So much the better for her. We would have wept bitter weeps if this fine, spirited American beauty had been compelled to be satisfied with one of the Old World's human ruins of the male sex, "nobles" down at the heels and out at the elbows, who are willing to marry our millionaire belles for the sole and single purpose of paying debts contracted in gambling or in *affaires galantes*, so as to be able to regain or retain their social, diplomatic or military status. Yet we cannot but think that Miss Goelet would have done better by marrying one of her own if plebeian countrymen. She could have been suited no doubt. A good American husband is better than a second-hand "noble" European any day, and under any circumstances. Many of these dukes and princes and counts and lords are not worth thirty cents. They cannot be, since they are so freely offered on the matrimonial bargain-counter.



The Woman of Mellow Beauteousness

IN a spiritedly-written lyrical intermezzo in a current monthly magazine somebody makes an interesting effort to point out the physical and psychological attractions of the woman of thirty, or the one who tells us, with charming guilefulness, that she is "about thirty." We read his animated literary effusion with considerable interest. Yet we cannot say that it taught us anything that we did not know before, and that was very little. However, we read it with fervent appreciation. In fact, we have always had a sneaking liking for literature the central figure of which is the woman of thirty. For she is such a delightful mystery, of the Serpent of the Nile's infinite charms, of countless, tempting wiles. The ideal woman of thirty is just as lovesome, just as enticing, as is her younger sister. She is mellow of beauty, languorous and high-strung by turn in temperament, subtle and brilliant in the use of the marvelously multifarious stratagems peculiar to her sex, in short, irresistible to the *connoisseur*. Ah, the woman of thirty, sensuously sententious Balzac's "*femme de trente ans*."



Reviving Biblical Times

OUR modern sky-scrapers are veritable Towers of Babel. They are creeping higher and higher every

year. Like their Biblical prototype, they are aspiring to the heavens. To make the verisimilitude still more complete, men of all nationalities and races are employed in their construction. There are Irishmen, Germans, Italians, Hungarians, Russians, Bohemians and various other racial elements among the workingmen. Fortunately, however, differences in language do not prevent them from making themselves intelligible to each other. We know that there's nothing new under the sun, but, as we now have occasion to perceive, we are making improvements right along. The Irish hod-carrier talks to the German teamster, and the American bricklayer to the Swedish carpenter. And that's more than they were able to do at the time they were endeavoring to reach or eclipse the gods on the Mesopotamian plain with the first sky-scraper known to history.



Reform Needed

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT has decided to institute much-needed reform in our consular service. Hereafter he will appoint to such positions men only who have qualified for them, who have had thorough practical and theoretic training. Reform in this branch of Federal service will probably meet vigorous opposition among the politicians. However, as it is urgently required by present foreign trade conditions, there is excellent reason to hope that the President's plan will be carried out. Our consular service is, taken as a whole, too closely identified with politics. It is obsolete, impractical in its most important features. Many of our consular officials have little or no knowledge of the requirements and duties of consular service. They are politicians or have been appointed for political reasons solely. The leading European countries have a totally different consular service. They appoint men of approved merit and close knowledge of social, economic and political conditions prevailing in countries to which they are sent. They study foreign languages and customs. They endeavor to please foreigners in every way possible, and to learn their peculiar, native likings and needs. In this way, they act as important factors in the development of trade, and in the creating and cementing of friendly international relations. The creation of a well-organized *corps* of competent consular officials of this class should engage the immediate and careful attention of the American Government.



Mr. Shaw's Plan

CURRENCY reform appears to be *l'ordre du jour*. We hear great argument "about it and about" Mr. Shaw, the well-informed Secretary of the Treasury, who must be considered to be *au fait* in all financial and commercial matters, made an elaborate special plea, the other day, for the enactment of a statute permitting the National banks to issue circulating notes to the amount of one-half of their bond-secured circulation, such circulation to pay a tax of six per cent, and to be retired at the option of the bank or by direction of the Comptroller, the method of retiring the same to be by depositing lawful money of like amount in the Treasury. Such legislation, he declared, would speedily vindicate itself, just as it has vindicated itself in Germany. Naive Mr. Shaw appears to be cocksure that the adoption of his recommendations would remove all danger of a recurrence of panics in this country. Like Congressman J. T. McCleary, of Minnesota, he opines that the United States is the only "great civilized country in this world (wonder if there are civilized countries in any other world?) which experiences financial panics." These elastic currency advocates must have very short memories. For wasn't there some sort of a calamitous crash only a year or two ago in all German financial markets? And that in

spite of that country's admittedly excellent monetary system? Nay, nay, gentlemen! We do not believe that legislation conformant to your *ne plus ultra* ideas would result in a permanent preclusion of panics. It would be likely to make their recurrence less frequent, and mitigate their extent and effects, but only in case Wall street were to reform altogether, and quit indulging in prestidigitatorial juggling with the capital of billion dollar corporations and boosting and manipulating stock values until the whole Nation is ready to fall into convulsions. Could such a reformatory change be expected from Wall street? Hardly. One might as well ask the Ethiopian to change his skin. More elasticity in our currency system may be desirable, and would probably be assured by the passage of a law embodying Mr. Shaw's recommendations. But it is certain that such elasticity would soon change into inelasticity again. Wall street stock-jobbers would be sure to have the country in another hole, and to demand still more elasticity and so *ad infinitum*. It is only Wall street that clamors for a "rubber currency?" It has been clamoring for it, at stated intervals, ever since the Civil War. But for this, one would be more inclined to enthuse over Mr. Shaw's recommendations, and to urge their adoption.



The Devil Wagon's Virtues

CURIOUS reports come from the East. Between Jersey City and Philadelphia, we are told, automobiling has led to a revival of the romantic, old-fashioned road-life, with all its simple pleasures and charms, to a beautiful, materialization of Walt Whitman's "Song of the Open Road." Everywhere prosperous-looking, comfortable inns are springing up and bidding for the profitable patronage of horseless carriage tourists. It almost seems as if the vanished days of the stage-coach were again to return. The inn-keepers are said to look happy and fat, and to be dreaming idyllic dreams in which the *chauffeur* plays a leading rôle. He gives good service, and charges good prices, which are gladly paid. Among the farmers, so the report goes, the former deep-seated prejudice against "the devil's wagon" is rapidly disappearing, and giving place to the hope that, eventually, the *chauffeur* may prove the advance agent of country road improvements. All this shows that automobiling is not without its good results. It is another factor making for an increase, intensification and diversification of the enjoyment of life. The automobile has come to stay. It cannot be abandoned, no more than could the telegraph or telephone.



The Menace of Consumption

THERE were seventeen deaths from consumption in this city last week. This is at the rate of almost a thousand persons a year. Could there be a more puissant argument than this in favor of the adoption of more rigorously scientific means to combat this dread and fatal disease? Under prevailing sanitary rules and conditions, very little or nothing is, or could be, done to prevent the spread of tuberculosis. No attempt is made at a careful supervision of patients and their isolation in proper sanatoria. They are permitted to go anywhere and everywhere. In their homes, the great majority of them are not given the treatment they should have and are permitted to spread the disease *ad libitum*. Considering the thorough pathological knowledge we possess at present of the origin, nature and propagation of tuberculous diseases, such lack of supervision and proper treatment of patients deserves unstinted censure. Private, individual rights cannot be held to furnish sufficient excuse for permitting consumptives to deposit bacilli-containing sputum

wherever they like, and thereby to endanger the health of the entire community. Afflicted persons are certainly entitled to our indulgence and pity, yet this should not prevent us from exercising our ancient, natural right of self-protection. "The greatest good for the greatest number" is a rule applicable to medical and politico-economic sciences alike. In large cities, where many thousands of people are crowded together and constantly in the closest social intercourse, it is inexcusably, mawkishly foolish to let contagious diseases spread themselves without hindrance of any kind, simply because of objections based on sentimental or ethical grounds. If the "white plague" is a disease of civilization, then it is both our right and duty to fight it with those effective weapons of science which that self-same civilization has placed in our hands.



Pulling for Gold

THE Bank of England has raised its rate of discount from three to four per cent, for the purpose of stopping the flow of gold from London to Berlin. In consequence of this action, financial markets in Europe are in a state of agitation. First-class government securities in London, Berlin and Paris are on the downgrade. Crop-moving requirements and various impending, large loans are expected to keep money-rates stiff for some months to come. The fact that the Bank of England's rate of discount is now, with but one exception, the highest, for this time of the year, since 1893, is considered ominous. The world's monetary position has entered a decidedly puzzling phase. There is a sharp competitive demand for gold at all leading financial centers. Whether the United States will be able to draw gold from Europe this fall is not considered likely at the present time.



Developing Missouri's Lead Lands

OMAHA capitalists are considering a proposition to complete the construction of an electric road in St. Francois County, Missouri, which is to run from DeLassus, through Farmington, to Jefferson Barracks, a distance of about sixty miles. Of course, this trolley line is intended better to develop the lead fields of the region to be traversed. It is a plan that commends itself to enterprising capitalists and that, if carried through in the right manner, should prove highly profitable to stockholders as well as the communities directly affected. Ten miles of the road are already completed. The lead deposits in that section of the State are extensive and regarded as most valuable. If exploited on a scientifically systematic, magnitudinous scale, and assured of the right kind of transportation facilities, they should give more satisfactory pecuniary returns, in the long run, than a Thunder Mountain or Alaskan gold mine. There are plenty of opportunities to hit "pay dirt" in Missouri, without having to undergo the awful risks and hardships of an Arctic climate or of pioneer mining in desolate mountain fastnesses.



Exit Reciprocity

ONE Republican leader after the other takes a fall out of reciprocity. What was once hailed as the highest ideal of practical statesmanship and considered by Mr. Roosevelt to be the "handmaiden of protection," appears to have very few friends left at the present time. Mr. Shaw, the Secretary of the Treasury, who must be regarded as the mouthpiece of the President, boldly conceded in his Chicago speech, a few days ago, that reciprocity had proved a complete failure. In spite of reciprocity arrangements with Brazil, he points out, that country sells to us vastly more than it buys

from us. This, of course, Mr. Shaw regards as an irresistibly potent reason why protective barriers should be strengthened and reciprocity dropped altogether. The Brazilians, he believes, can only be induced to see the advantages of buying from us after we have placed prodigious tariff duties on their products. The logic of this sort of reasoning may appear somewhat defective to the ordinary lay-mind, but it carries convincing weight with Republican champions of thorough-going protection. It embodies this fine altruistic principle: The harder you hit the other fellow, the more likely he is to love and patronize you.



Phenomenal Lying

UP to the hour of going to press, the belief obtained in well-informed circles that the world's champion liar must still be located near the Bulgarian frontier, where he seems to be engaged in slaughtering people at the rate of a thousand a day. His extraordinary logomachical activity has produced deep consternation at the Yildiz Kiosk. According to private information, Abdul Hamid is disposed to admit that in the fanciful misrepresentation of facts the Bulgarian *Munchausen* is a good many notches ahead of his own "majestical" record.



A Revolting Affair

THE Cheyenne and Arapahoe Indians recently performed a "sun" dance for the exclusive benefit of a few scientists, who were present eagerly taking graphic notes and realistic snapshots of mutilated, bleeding, frenzied Indians. The Government has ordered a rigid investigation into the horrible affair, which, it is feared, may undo the beneficial results of years of ceaseless efforts to induce the Indians to abandon their barbaric ideas and customs. It is stated, on excellent authority, that the Indians themselves were at first unwilling to indulge in the horrible, disgusting orgies. It is to be presumed, of course, that those who were anxious to witness the dance for "scientific purposes only," promised them tempting, pecuniary compensation. It is almost inconceivable that reputable scientists should have any desire to look upon scenes which revolt all moral and æsthetic feelings. Neither can it be imagined of what scientific value or use things of this kind could possibly be to anybody.



To Stop Lynchings

THIS almost virulent discussion of the best means to stop lynching is largely academical, and, therefore, useless and boring. There's only one "best" means, and that is morally to educate the people until they have been brought to a full recognition of the ethical and civic wrongfulness of lynching. The enactment of repressive statutes or reforms in judicial procedure alone will never suffice to prevent such deplorable occurrences, for the very simple reason that the lyncher has absolutely no respect for the law or courts.



Unwise Proceedings

ATTORNEY GENERAL CROW made an impolitic move when he instituted legal proceedings against the Laclede Gas Light Company and various stove dealers and manufacturers of this city on the ground that the defendants had entered into an unlawful combine. The Laclede Gas Light Company has not entered into or established any obnoxious combine. This is straight and official. What it has been and still is doing, had and has nothing else for its object than an increase in the consumption of gas, and that, the company rightly thinks, can best be brought about by a lowering of the price of stoves and the holding out of special induc-

ments to present or would-be customers. There has been no advance in the prices of stoves. On the contrary, there has been a decided reduction even for the very best stoves that can be purchased. Mr. E. C. Cowdery, the present efficient general manager of the company, is a wide-awake and thoroughly experienced business man. He does not believe in, or sanction, anything that might offend his patrons and, in the end, lead to a reduction in gas consumption. His methods of management are up-to-date, "square" and commendable in every detail. This has been fully demonstrated by the remarkable success which he achieved while at the head of the gas company in Milwaukee. There, he was highly esteemed by the citizens, whose interests he, at all times, considered identical with those of his company. With a man of his intentions and caliber as the managerial head of the Laclede Company, the people of St. Louis need have no fear of extortion or arrogant, tyrannical treatment. Mr. Crow should withdraw his petition. There is no legal ground for it, and it is not approved by any gas consumer in this city.



Alchemy in Wall Street

SOMEBODY claims to have succeeded in inventing a process whereby silver can be transmuted into gold. We do not believe that the Government could be induced to grant him a patent on this, which must be regarded as an old trick. Wall street has been practising that sort of thing, with marvelous, never-failing success, for many years. In fact, Wall street can do even better than this *Rip Van Winkle* inventor. It can make gold out of absolutely nothing, in other words, it can not only transmute, but create. Wall street has found the real and only stone of the wise. It produces the most startlingly brilliant, though generally only evanescent, effects in financial legerdemain. It issues stock certificates whose value is only chimerical, and sells them at one hundred per cent profit. It organizes corporations with capitalizations fifty times in excess of actual assets. There is, in short nothing in this fascinating specialty line that could be said to be too much for Wall street. It possesses the restored magic wand of *Prospero*. Perhaps the wealth it creates is not very durable, but there are always certain "rake-offs" connected with its begetting and superintending which amply compensate for the trouble and the brutal, vile epithets hurled at the dextrous alchemists in finance, whenever that ingeniously created wealth vanishes into "thin air," and "leaves not a rack behind."



LUMINOUS SLEEP

AN Indian psychologist recently wrote a pamphlet in which he advanced the theory that there are three kinds of sleep, the third of which is little known in Europe. First, he says, there is dreaming sleep, "when the curtain falls on this act to rise on another far more interesting, an inner world of intense life and emotion." Secondly, he speaks of a strange, unexplored land, the region of deep sleep. "In this sleep we are unconscious of our existence, but on waking we are sure that we have been in a blissful haven of rest, and we say, I have slept well." But he maintains there is yet another sleep, a "sleep of light," in which, while there is absence of thought, while there is rest and bliss, there is not darkness and oblivion, but perfect consciousness. In the East, he tells us, there are men who know how to "lift the veil of sleep," and who refresh their spirits in this "sleep of light" in a manner otherwise impossible, and appear to obtain from it some conviction of immortality. This occult power is, he asserts, not unknown in the West; but it is not, he laments, widely cultivated. In

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illustration of his meaning he quotes a passage from the Life of Tennyson, which we give in full:—"I have never had any revelation through anæsthetics, but a kind of waking trance (this for lack of a better name) I have frequently had quite up from boyhood when I have been all alone. This had often come upon me through repeating my own name to myself silently till all at once, as it were, out of the intensity of the consciousness of individuality, the individuality itself seemed to dissolve and fade into boundless being; and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest; utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, the loss of personality (if so it were) seeming no extinction, but the only true life. I am ashamed of my feeble description. Have I not said that the state is utterly beyond words?" "If the science of the spirit," comments the writer of the pamphlet, "were cultivated in Europe as it is in India, and if practical instruction and guidance had been available to Tennyson, what heights might not so ripe a soul have scaled, what blessed vistas might he not have opened up to the West!"

He goes on to quote Edward Carpenter, who speaks of the control and effacement of thought as practised in India, and on the special value of these practices to Westerns, "dominated as they are by a fever of thought." There is a certain fascination about this suggestion. Might we really learn something during sleep if we tried? If sleep were a new phenomenon, if hitherto man had lived his life without intermission of consciousness, and if suddenly he discovered in some corner of the globe a race who passed a third of their time in apparently unconscious repose, yet declared that during these periods of unconsciousness they passed through scenes and experienced adventures like, yet unlike, those of waking life, we should, if we could bring ourselves to believe them, imagine ourselves in a fair way to discover the secret of death. The personality of the healthy dreamer is free of the body; in dreams he goes away from the place where it lies. His soul is not any more in his bed than the soul of a dead man is in the churchyard. Yet sleep helps us very little in our search for certainty on the subject of immortal life. We are used to dreaming, and most of us do not think very much about it. If we take our dreams seriously at all, we look in them for some vague foreshadowing of the future, some bringing close of a distant set of circumstances, not certainly for spiritual instruction.

What Tennyson described appears to us to have more relation to a hypnotic condition than to what is ordinarily called sleep, but what do those who seek it successfully find in it? Evidently a moment's joy. Today a great number of men have lost the support of an unquestioning theological conviction. One result of this is that many men find their greatest difficulty in life in the thought of how they can brace themselves to meet death. That the last enemy should appear even for one moment in the light of a "laughable impossibility" would seem to them a transcendent boon. This boon, however, so far as we understand, must be bought by a deliberate sacrifice of self-control,—a deliberate determination to empty the mind and see what comes into it. Is not this a morally dangerous experiment? Christianity suggests that a man who purposely abandons the guardianship of his own mind opens the door to the Devil. Certainly experience shows that the man who seeks oblivion in alcohol or drugs suffers a moral deterioration. No doubt he is for the time being freed from his anxieties and cares. But, it may be argued, drugs afford only momentary relief; an experience such as Tennyson describes is a treasure lasting a lifetime. Considering the analogy of dreams, we very much doubt it. A sense that we

have lost our personality, have entered for one second into some vast consciousness wherein we are united with the Creator, whom we would worship less dimly, and our friends, whom we would love more fervently, must of necessity, so long as we live in this world, be transient. As soon as we come back to ourselves we are shut once more within the invisible walls which divide us from man and from God. The conviction induced by a dream is not like the conviction produced by reason; it is of the nature of a transitory emotion whose impression necessarily fades fast. We are lucky, indeed, if we find our earthly home as we left it to go forth on our spiritual adventure, unsoiled by the presence of those unbidden suggestions personified in Christ's parable.



THE FOOL

BY JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY.

WHAT a Fool am I, again, again
To give for asking;—yet again to trust
The needy love in women and in men
Until again my faith is turned to dust
By an ill thrust!

How you must smile apart who make my hands
Ever to bleed where they were reached to bless!—
Wonder how any wit that understands
Should ever try too near, with gentle stress,
Your sullenness.

Laugh, stare, deny. Because I shall be true,—
The only triumph slain by no surprise:
True, true for that forlornest truth in you,
The wan, beleaguered thing behind your eyes,
Starving on lies.

Grow by my faith: I am a steadfast tool:
When I am dark, begone into the sun,
I cry, "Ah, Lord, how good to be a Fool!
A lonely game, indeed, but now all done,
And I have won."

Harper's Magazine.



THE NOBLE DUKE

BY OLIVER THOMPSON.

ONE of the most interesting figures in contemporary British politics is the Duke of Devonshire, who is a most determined opponent of Joseph Chamberlain's protectionism. Although a Union Liberal, he sturdily adheres to the traditional ideals of the old party. In the House of Lords, he is always listened to with rapt attention. While utterly devoid of grace in rhetoric and of anything but magnetic, inspiring appearance, what he says goes home, because it is clear-cut, forcible, strictly to the point. The Duke speaks in slow, careless, lumbering fashion, which knows nothing of the arts and elegance of oratory. Some believe that his speeches are much better to read than to listen to. When read, one is struck with the imposing array of well-digested facts, clear, cogent reasoning and well-balanced judgment.

There are probably few men in politics who have had such a curiously variegated career as this aged statesman. Like Cæsar, he has twice refused the crown of a British statesman's ambition. The Premiership was within his grasp in 1880, when Queen Victoria called him to form a Ministry after the defeat of that brilliant political dreamer of the Ghetto, Lord Beaconsfield, to whom Bismarck used to refer as "*der alte Jude*."

As Lord Hartington, the present Duke of Devon-

shire was elected leader of the Liberal party, and remained in that dominating position for five years, while Ulysses Gladstone nominally rested and ruminated in his tent. Lord Hartington was born to greatness, and did not covet honors; ambitions ever were beyond his sphere. And so, in a spirit of rare self-denial, he called Ulysses from the seclusion of his tent and handed to him the wreath and the party power he had builded up.

Six years later, when the Home Rule agitation split the Liberal party, the Duke became, by consent, the leader of the Liberal Unionists who seceded. At that time, the late Lord Salisbury offered to serve under him if he would take the Premiership, but the Duke would not even consider the flattering proposition. Whether the opportunity to assume the post of Prime Minister had again presented itself to him a year ago, when Mr. Balfour was chosen to succeed his uncle, Lord Salisbury, is not known for a certainty. Probably it had not, for the impression obtained at that time that the Duke intended to retire from active politics altogether.

It is often said that the "noble Duke," as his colleagues like to call him, is indolent and indifferent. He may be indifferent as to his own advancement, for he has always been assured of more than he apparently craves: great wealth, high social position, seven mansions, and an honored name in the peerage. Of his personal appearance he is careless almost to a fault, and thus in striking contrast to Joseph Chamberlain, who is always elegantly attired and extremely particular as to his outward appearance.

The Duke must be considered "a safe man," as to actual work in the field of politics, he has done as much as most men have, and at the same time conducted his important business interests. He is now seventy years of age, and has been in Parliament since he was twenty-four. Two years after he entered the House of Commons he moved a vote of censure which brought about the downfall of Lord Derby's government, in 1859. He first took office as a Lord of the Admiralty under Lord Russell, and as long ago as 1866 entered the Cabinet as Secretary of War. He has been, successively, Postmaster-General, Secretary for India, Chief Secretary for Ireland, and now holds the comfortable post of President of the Council.

Office and its emoluments can have little attraction for the Duke. They bore him. A national question of supreme importance is needed to engage his mind and to rouse him to action. To watch him lounging into the House of Lords of an afternoon, when the debate has begun, to see him lolling at ease slumberously on the front bench, with hat tilted over his eyes, might suggest that the hard things said of him were true. Lord Rosebery, with a few deft strokes of pungent wit respecting Ministerial divisions and contradictions, will instantaneously awaken the sleeping lion, and the admiring, expectant Tories will rejoice. The Duke gives broadsword blows for rapier thrusts; he gets home every time, though more clumsily than his nimble, adroit, suave antagonist, yet truly and forcefully.

There are statesmen who captivate by their daring, and by that imagination which is called genius. There are others who win their way by their too obvious lack of imagination, by painful plodding on the beaten, safe tracks, undisturbed by eager enthusiasms and germinating ideas. Alternately, the country turns from the one class to the other as it becomes tired of excitement, or tired of monotony, and desires a change. Whatever the country may think, the peers are now turning to the "noble Duke," as the man to lead them back into the calm waters where peace and contentment reign. Lords Cross and James, the oth-

er day, tried to set him up as the "savior of his country," an arduous office which might or might not suit the Duke's septuagenarian tastes.

Mr. Chamberlain, in the ardent 80's, dubbed him "Rip Van Winkle," that time he called Lord Goschen "the Skeleton of the Feast." The skeleton has returned, as skeletons have a habit of doing. Mr. Chamberlain must have gravely calculated of late on the danger of *Rip Van Winkle* waking up again. Though the Duke is not easily incited, he can fight, fight vigorously and stubbornly against a movement which he disapproves. In the Home Rule campaign his work did more than any other man's to upset Mr. Gladstone's historical plan. He was in the thick of the fray, a tireless, resolute, zealous leader. He looks capable of much hard work yet, and if he throws himself into the now raging "big fight," Mr. Chamberlain may find in him an antagonist hard to overcome, for he is an uncompromising free trader, thoroughly convinced that preferential tariffs as advocated by the adventurous man from Birmingham would spell commercial ruin for his country.



FROM THE MELTING POT

BY C. W. SALEEBY.

NOT only practically, but philosophically speaking, science, must justify her existence. I must hold with Keats. Truth is beauty. So if science show God to be a myth, the sun a goblin, life a nightmare,—then away with her; let us have ignorance and bliss. If the chemist wish me to pay for his broken test-tubes, or the hospital asks the public to pay for its broken clinical thermometers, we ask the legitimate, the utilitarian question, "*cui bono?*" The good—the beauty—may be subtle; it may be the hastened evolution of the spirit of reverence; good or beauty there must be, else Truth is not Truth. Now the crown and the goal of all science is the science of sociology. Man is a gregarious animal. You may well refuse to pay for the chemist's test-tubes if his claim be merely that he love truth; you love your children, and their claims, in theory and in practice, transcend those of any abstraction, however noble be its name. Therefore the scientist must render an account. He and we were all in the nebula together. We can tolerate no antithesis. He and we are degrading its store of energy. Each day the chemist lives he lessens the world's store of oxygen, he increases its useless carbonic acid. He radiates into trackless space a portion of irrecoverable heat. What is his excuse to the social organism of which he is not a parasite, but a part? He has made an hypothesis; what has he to say to the man who has made a chair? The answer is simple. Wisdom is justified of her children, for they toil—necessarily and in the nature of things—for the children of men. All organized knowledge—all knowledge of facts other than dead and ephemeral—contributes to sociology; to what, in inchoate phrase, we call the Art of Living. This is my excuse for the circumstance that, the other day, when attempting to outline some of the relations between ether vibration and protoplasm, and remarking that the Röntgen rays cured one form of cancer, I only parenthetically observed that they are light of short wave-length. I was trying to preserve the proportions of things.

Since then, however, Lord Rayleigh has given an authoritative assent to this statement, and the history of our knowledge on this matter is so instructive that one must do more than merely state the fact. For some time there has been in the physicist's melting-pot a variety of matters, which has assumed a somewhat

supposititious inter-relation in the public mind. There are the Röntgen rays, the Hertzian waves of wireless telegraphy, the radio-activity of certain metals (a property possessed, it is now believed, by all matter), the theory of electrons and so forth. Now the Hertzian wave occupies the attention of sane men with families to keep, because they believe something will come of it. It will be a contribution to sociology. It will serve the body-politic. So with the Röntgen ray. No hospital is complete without it. I have described its healing power. Its diagnostic value is still incalculable. But from sheer curiosity we may hark back and consider these waves. And it may be found that all organizable knowledge is worth pursuing. For its own sake, no,—there is Art, but for its relation to life.

It is not worth while to recapitulate the various theories that have been held about the Röntgen rays. They were made by theorists; "let them rave." But first we may observe where lay the difficulty. It is just above the back part of the brim of a man's hat, in the hindmost part of the brain. For, of course, everyone's eyes are in the back of his head. The visual centres are as well defined as any in cerebral localization. In the cells of that area of the brain was the difficulty. Their protoplasm is so constituted that it can translate into conscious sensation of light only those transverse vibrations of the ether that range from about four hundred to about eight hundred millions of millions per second. The slower and the faster vibrations are invisible. The infra-red and the ultra-violet rays need other means for their appreciation. They are without our meagre octave. The ear can hear ten or eleven octaves of sound, the eye sees only one of light. And the Röntgen rays being, perhaps, the most ultra-violet of all light—of a wave-length, perhaps, one-hundredth part that of violet light—the back of our heads cannot see them. They are, in a sense, too high for our understanding. Were our visual nerve-cell protoplasm other than it is, we should have seen the rays from the first, and argument would have been superfluous.

Light consists of ether vibrations that are transverse to the line of progress. Waves of sound are to and fro in the line of progress. In a beam of light the wave is passing up and down, from side to side, in an infinite number of planes. By appropriate means one may cut off all the vibrations save those in one plane, and the ray of light then permitted to pass, having its vibrations due north and south, so to speak, is said to be polarized. M. Blondlot has succeeded in applying the crucial test to the Röntgen rays. He has polarized them and thereby supplied the final proof of their identity with light. The mystery of the rays—using the word in the vulgar sense—is gone. If a primrose by the river's brim be but a yellow primrose—named and done with—then the Röntgen rays are but fast ether-waves—rapid sunlight, nothing more. Yet of them, too, must we ask, Whence?

And, to the other question, "*cui bono?*" I may venture the hope that the polarized Röntgen ray will soon be tried in surgery. It is conceivable that, in this form, it may be more efficient than ever the focussed non-polarized radiation, and may penetrate so as to affect the forms of cancer hitherto unassailable.

Still in the melting pot, and full of promise, is radium. This new metal, discovered by M. and Mme. Curie, is the typical example of an intensely radio-active (perish the phrase!) substance. It is five hundred thousand times as active as uranium, the properties of which were studied by M. Becquerel. The radiant power of these metals is a new and striking instance of the most familiar phenomenon in Nature, the transformation of energy. What is the exact nature of the ethereal energy that radium can translate

into heat and light, just as a poker held near a fire becomes hot by transforming the ethereal energy of the infra-red rays from the glowing coal—we cannot tell as yet. It is in the melting-pot. This, however, may be noted. As Prof. J. J. Thomson has shown, matter—material particles—can move with the speed of light. This is Newton's corpuscular theory of light (that it consisted of a bombardment of minute particles that entered the eye) almost with us again. His conception, though wrong, was not absurd. Now let us learn from radium. In a couplet unsurpassable, because absolutely true, Mr. Francis Thompson has epitomized all science:—

*Thou canst not stir a flower
Without troubling of a star.*

Let me state, in a word, the latest instance of the Unity of things, so spiritually seen by the poet's "Mistress of Vision." Helmholtz's explanation of the sun's heat, as due to his sixteen daily inches of shrinkage, accounts for only twenty-four million years from the beginning of our nebula. The literally far-fetched theory has been brought in aid of geological time, that the sun—the solar nebula—has been aided in time past by light borrowed from other stars and translated into heat; a parallel with radium. But there needs only a trivial quantity of matter to have poured into the sun since his beginning at the velocity of the emanations, say, of radium, at the velocity of light, that is, to have given him energy enough to keep us going until now. The astronomer justifies the poet by taking the most infinitesimal phenomena of the physicist and making them explain the continuance of suns.



BRAHMA

FROM JELALED-DIN.

A MOTE I in the Sunshine, yet am the Sun's vast Ball;
I bid the Sun spread Sunlight, and make the mote be small.
I am the Morning Splendour; I am the Evening Breeze;
I am the Leaf's soft Rustle; the Billow's rise and Fall.
I am the Mast and Rudder, the Steersman and the Ship;
I am the Cliff out-jutting, the Reef of Coral Wall.
I am the Bird Ensnarer, the Bird and Net as well;
I am both Glass and Image; the Echo and the Call.
I am the Tree and Branches, and all the Birds thereon;
I am both Thought and Silence, Tongues' Speech and Ocean Squall.
I am the Flute when piping, and Man's Soul breathing breath;
I am the sparkling Diamond, and Metals that enthral,
I am the Grape enclustered, the Wine-press and the Must;
I am the Wine, Cup-bearer, and crystal Goblet tall.
I am the Flame and Butterfly, which round it circling flits;
I am the Rose and Nightingale, the Rose's Passioned Thrall.
I am the Cure and Doctor, Disease and Antidote;
I am the Sweet and Bitter, the Honey and the Gall.
I am the War and Warrior, the Victor and the Field;
I am the City peaceful, the Battle and the Brawl.
I am the Rock and Mortar, the Builder and the Plan,
I am the Base and Gable, new House and ruined Hall.
I am the Stag and Lion, the Lamb and black-maw'd Wolf;
I am the Keeper of them, who shuts them in one Stall.
I am the Chain of Beings, the Ring of circling Worlds;
The Stages of Creation, where'er it rise or fall.
I am what is and is not; I am—O Thou who know'st,
Jelaled-din, O tell it, I am the Soul in All!

THE LEEDS' DIVORCES

BY GRACE ESTELLE DILLON.

THE career of Mr. W. B. Leeds, the ambitious, schemeful president of the new and vastly enlarged Rock Island Railroad system, has been singularly successful and, of late, one of dazzling *éclat*, of achievements far-reaching in scope and effect. Up to a few years ago, he was hardly known in the railroad world. He was closely identified with, and had made a great fortune in, the tin plate and steel manufacturing industry. It was only after he had become the associate of some Chicago railroad financiers grouped around the Moore Brothers that he began to play an important rôle in the railroad world and to win a reputation for audacious brilliance in financial operations.

Mr. Leeds is a self-made man, in the truest sense of these much-abused words. Of course, he had a certain amount of needful good luck throughout his business career, but it was due chiefly to his innate energy that halted before no obstacle, his plodding patience that knew how to bide its time, his restless ambition that saw and utilized its opportunities which made him what he now is—a power in industry and finance that even Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan cannot afford to ignore or to offend.

Seventeen years ago, Mr. Leeds, then a poor, struggling young man, married Miss Gar, a wealthy lady, of more than ordinary physical charms, in Richmond, Ind. His marriage, as subsequent events proved, started him on the road to success. Not long after his marriage, Mr. Leeds was on top in the tin plate business, and also controlled a number of steel plants that were eventually absorbed by the tin plate combine. His family life was, to all outward appearances, a very happy one. The couple seemed uncommonly devoted one to the other, and Mrs. Leeds shone as a recognized leader in society.

Appearances, however, proved deceptive. For, about three years ago, rumors suddenly began to spread that there were dissensions in the Leeds household. These rumors were fully confirmed, a few months later, when Mrs. Leeds sued for divorce, which she obtained without difficulty. The judge gratified her demand after a hearing of only thirty minutes, during which it was proved that Mr. Leeds had left his lares and penates, and not been home for a long time.

The divorce created quite a sensation. Gossipers had a royal time of it. Richmond, Chicago and Cleveland society was all wrought up, and particularly so when it leaked out that Mrs. Leeds had applied for divorce after having been requested to do so by her truant husband, who, as a special financial inducement, promised her one million dollars as compensation. Mrs. Leeds, being an excellent business woman, and fully convinced that there was no prospect of a reconciliation, cheerfully accepted her ungallantly generous husband's offer. It was whispered about at the time that Mr. Leeds, true to his speculative instincts, had made a determined effort to "bear" the price of release from the bonds of matrimony, but in vain. His thrifty, astute wife would not take anything less than a million. She knew that he could well afford to pay it, and that he would pay it rather than lose her whom he had selected as a successor to his *première amour*.

His latest heart's desire was Mrs. Nannie May Stewart Washington, the wife of George E. Washington, of Cleveland, Ohio. There had developed between the two an over-mastering affection, as a result of which the noted Cleveland belle obtained a divorce from her husband, which was bitterly contested, and proved quite a serious strain on Mr. Leeds' exchequer.

But he did not worry over the cost of attaining the goal. He thought "hang the expense." As a middle-aged man, he could not be blamed for refusing to balk at the payment of two or three million dollars, when he could thereby come into complete possession of a woman of great beauty, and of only half his age. Nannie, he thought, was worth all the money in the world. The wedding was a magnificent affair, from a yellow journal standpoint. Among Mr. Leeds' many costly gifts to his bride was a string of pearls valued at sixty-five thousand dollars. It is estimated that the expenses of the wedding and honeymoon amounted to at least two million dollars.

Since then, there has been bitter, relentless, sensational rivalry between Mrs. Leeds No. 1, (who is about to marry again), and Mrs. Leeds No. 2. Last winter, the two met at Palm Beach, and there followed a duel the incidents of which were uniquely dramatic to a degree, since they were fought with gorgeous frocks, brilliant gems, lavish entertainments, and various other things dear and familiar to the feminine heart. At the end of this quaint and exciting contest, it was silently agreed among beholders that the result was a "stand-off," a "draw."



CHARACTERS IN FICTION

BY MRS. L. H. HARRIS.

AS the definition of heroism varies from age to age, so do the lives and characters of the heroes themselves vary. In the old days they were men who contended with the gods. Even in the middle centuries of the Christian era their vows and deeds had been reduced to prose. But when they lost step with Homer's measure and came down to mere ballads of bravery, their glories were doomed to fall altogether short of rhythm, and they were destined to live within the limitations of common facts and possibilities—a hard fate for men whose original vocation had been to fill the rôles of demigods. But this accounts for the fact that the heroes we meet in fiction nowadays are not what they once were. They are more like us and less like the gods. They appeal to our wit and experience more than they do to our imagination. In fact, it is even a question whether the hero will not eventually become an obsolete character in literature. For, as we are more convincingly identified mentally with the reality of some things and the unreality of others, we acquire a rationalism that is intolerant of the incredible and the abnormal both in life and art. There will be no place in the order of things for such exaggerated types, and fiction, so far from being the expression of romantic ideals, will become a literary formula of human analysis, text books of mind and nature in which that ecstatic phenomenon, known poetically as love, will be treated of sanely rather than dramatically as the "procreating instinct."

However, we have not yet progressed so far in the philosophy of materialism, and we are still interested in the small heroics of the fellows in fiction who do the best they can according to their reduced stature and in spite of the fact that environment is more or less against the superhuman in them. Only one instance is recorded so far in the late novels of a young scientist—in "The Kempton-Wace Letters"—who proposes marriage upon purely intellectual and natural grounds without confessing the archaic madness of love. But the lady in the case knows nothing of biology, and is disposed to regard her tender emotions as sacred. She therefore refuses to sacrifice her romantic self-respect to his experiment in natural virtue and race economy. And served him right! For

if they had married and "lived happy ever after," their content would not only have rebuked the discord in many marriages that were consummated upon higher ideals of domestic felicity, but it would have stultified all romanticists and made a springtime fallacy of love.

The historical novelists have taken a shrewd advantage of the situation. Since so little margin is left in modern life for the display of reckless valor and poetic sentiment, these writers find their heroes ready made, stalking threateningly through a remote past when desperate living and still more desperate loving were the order of the day. And recently two admirable characters have been presented by these romantic conjurers of history. King Canute, in "The Ward of King Canute," gives a vivid impression of ancient kingship in his rude camp court on the forest island of the Angles, surrounded by soldiers, robber barons and gluttons. A royal savage, he begins to know the inconvenience of obligations imposed even upon a king by a sense of justice. Almost he feels the constraint of far off civilization, the bondage of constitutional monarchy, and fiercely resents both, even while he conforms to ideals that eventually bring them about. But no such forebodings troubled the mind of that slim young Duke in Mr. Isham's novel, "Under the Rose," when he came a few centuries later to the palace of Francis I, disguised as a jester, to learn something of his future bride. The world had passed from savage warfare by that time into a confusion of romance and religion. And the Duke was simply a lover who had a sword and a spirit equal to any situation in that court of gay intrigues.

The difficulty about these historical heroes is that they are never quite real to us, because there is nothing in the present time to remind us of them. They are only bravely painted, like the portraits of ancient warriors that stare down upon us a hundred years or so without convincing us that they ever lived and loved, or fought and died. They are that part of human nature which time has rendered dust and obsolete, and nothing can revive them in consciousness.

But when it comes to novels of modern life, to think of the heroes and heroines is like recalling faces in a crowd. They are contemporary with us, a part of the herd environment of the race. They enlarge our acquaintance with the world and even threaten to interpret the future. Occasionally we recall one of them so vividly that we do not remember just where we met him, whether in a book or out of it, hand to hand. But there he is, sometimes sweating over the huge yellow belly of a Western prairie, or, may be, driving in Central Park; and I recall one grimy Vulcan who stands somewhere in the red glow of a forge. Even the beggar, the tramp and the thief have been added recently to the list of our more 'spectable literary acquaintances through their "autobiographies." And the bravest hero in this year's fiction is the red bird lover in "The Song of the Cardinal." Perched among the antler branches of an old sumac bush, he sings and flirts himself into an ecstasy of passion. And when no mate responds to his universal vows of love, he makes a regular Knight Templar's expedition into Rainbow Hollow, kisses every red-bird lady he finds, irrespective of her lord's indignation, and finally returns home, followed at a discreet distance by a demure little hen-bird.

In this country the motive of a novel and the character of the hero generally depend upon the section represented. Thus, the ambition of most Southern writers is to maintain a defunct ideal of aristocracy and to preserve in the hero the mind, manners and spirit of an ante-bellum past. So it happens that "Gabriel Tolliver," "A Gentleman of the South," and "Gordon Keith," three of the latest heroes in fiction from this section, are all products of the old South.

And I do not know a single exception to this rule, unless it is *George Buckley* in "The Substitute." Born in a cabin, between moonshiners' stills in the mountains of North Georgia, without a single aristocrat to forefather him, this young man never rises so high in the aurora borealis of the social world as to get beyond the homely shadow of his mother's old sunbonnet. And, for one, I consider him a more interesting character than many of the strutting dandies who figure in Southern novels.

If the hero is from the North or East, however, he is apt to prove a prodigy in ethics and psychic sensations—not that he is at all religious. As a rule, he has surrendered his definition of God to experiment with his own evolutionary notions of life and spirit. But what I mean is that the reader's interest in him usually depends not so much upon what he does as upon the moral and intellectual process by which he arrives at the point of action. And if Mr. William Dean Howells is the author of the book, the hero never does anything at all beyond threatening us with the evidence of another universe, real but psychic. Indeed, when one of Mr. Howells' New York club men—*Wanhope*, for instance, in "Questionable Shapes"—begins to drink black coffee and to tell of his artist friend who heard his dead wife calling him, or of the one who saw Death, or of that other who had "an apparition" as nonchalantly as the average man would have a cocktail, we experience an uncanny fellowship with spooks that not all Mr. Howells' exposition upon the difference between subjective and objective influence can overcome. But this is about the best he can do in the hero business—to create a man who is amiable, intelligent, spiritually clairvoyant, and limited in personality by the artificial instincts of polite society, a sort of drawing-room thoroughbred, with a passive existence. I doubt if such a character would show off to an advantage, say, in the midst of the huge realities of the West. Once, indeed, I remember that Mr. Howells did begin a story about a fine old fellow out there; but he brought him on to New York almost immediately, and soon after the poor man came down with a fit of hysterics. He was too nearly normal to know much about telepathic communication and subconscious sensations, and so was unable to bear the strain of Mr. Howells' psychic method.

It is a singular coincidence that the two most beautifully written books of the year in the matter of poetic imagery and almost metrical sentences should contain the two characters destined to live longest in memory. They are pathetic old men, who came far apart in history, yet had much in common. Both were somewhat damaged by circumstances and by what one of them called "The Origin of Evil," but withal they were valorous souls, to be recalled gratefully as we recall the faces of friends who have taken occasion to counsel us wisely and tenderly. "Darrel of the Blessed Isles," is a sweet old evangelist who knows the world and his Shakespeare so well that he deals more with scripture life than with Bible texts. And *Judge Morris*, in Mr. Allen's "Mettle of the Pasture," is a man likely to be quoted oftener within the year on the laws and life of his generation than any living judge in this country.

Contrast with these men of rare inspiration two other characters contemporary with them. Both are fanatics, one religious, the other sacrilegious. *Joel Rae*, a Mormon mystic in Mr. Wilson's novel, "Lions of the Lord," is a fervid, heroic spirit, rendered vicious, inhuman and treacherous by his sincere devotion to a false creed. His miserable existence excites nothing but compassion. But how shall we describe that mosaic of conceit and villainy, *Frank Gordon*,

in Mr. Dixon's novel, "The One Woman." A demigod demon, with that sensuous power of personality which pleases and sways the mob, he comes with a "message" to a crowd who fail to comprehend the significance of the fact that he has no God. He is an idealist, without virtue, an orator, without philosophy; a man with sympathy, tenderness and tears who has no conscience; true to his own riotous impulses—a more sinister character can scarcely be imagined. The unconscious *diablerie* of it is positively fascinating.

The idea of discussing the men who appear in novels of Chicago life as heroes in fiction is manifestly absurd to any who read these books. The scenes are generally laid in a trolley car, a restaurant, or a flat; and human nature under such conditions becomes too vulgarly commonplace to be interesting or heroic. I met but one man in a Chicago novel that I should care to know in real life, and he was an unsightly German in Mr. George Horton's book, "The Long Straight Road," who had somehow got a poetic perspective upon a certain suburban district of that city.

But we must not forget the heroes in Western fiction. If one of certain writers I know should attempt to draw one of these copperheaded giants (they are nearly always blonds!) into his little sitting-room romance, his literary fate would not be unlike that of the man who hooked a fish so large that it drew him into the river and drowned him. The difference between these heroes and the ones found in the handmade parts of this country is that nature has had something to do with shaping them. Her droughts, plagues and famines have forced them all into an Homeric attitude of resistance. And from *Annixter* in Frank Norris' book, "The Octopus," to *John Saxon* in Meredith Nicholson's new novel, "The Main Chance," they have all caught something of that inspiration which made demigods of the old Greek and Roman heroes. There is no end to their courage, because there is no end to the powers of earth and sky that threaten them. There is no limit to their imagination, because the land rolls about them like a shoreless sea, and because silence ever calls to spirit. They have a frightful sense of humor, of disproportion, but they know little of mere mirth; and peace and happiness are not the things they strive for. They are too fiercely masculine to be satisfied with anything so effeminate as felicity.

The hero antedates the heroine in life and in fiction. For a long time she was simply the reward for his vainglorious achievements, a sweet baggage that a knight might bear away across his saddle bow, so to speak. But by degrees she learned to outwit destiny and to do a few things for herself. Now no man would think of keeping her immured in his castle, lest she should have a little hairpin of dynamite concealed somewhere with which to wreck his estate; and in fiction she holds a position of almost equal importance with the hero. The only appreciable change in her personality during the last quarter of a century is an increase in her age limit and a decrease in her sense of marital proprieties. Both are bad signs, so far as they indicate that writers of fiction are discarding the idea of feminine innocence as being uninteresting to the average reader. But at least they prove an increase in the ability of literary artists to develop characters more illusive and difficult to portray than the simple, pretty young lady who once played automatically the part of heroine in nearly all the novels we read.

The peculiarity of the heroine in American fiction is that while she is often well groomed, she rarely ever is well bred. There is a climatic as well as a spiritual difference between her vital, charming per-

sonality and the women we occasionally meet in novels of English life. She is a new oxygen compound of femininity, fresh, vigorous, magnetic, but she lacks the poise, that sense of totality which makes some women of the old countries in literature the most perfect and satisfying types of the "eternally feminine." It may be claimed that we do sometimes have such a dowager heroine in Southern fiction, but I doubt it. These Colonial dames have a too demonstrative way of indicating their cavalier prestige. They cannot move along the carpeted highways of the old Southern mansion in the story without hinting with their petticoat trains of a genealogical halo. Now the real distinction of the thoroughbred is not mental, but it is temperamental; so that some of the dullest people show the quality and have a unique perfection quite beyond the power of any smart American to acquire. The only two women I know in recent fiction who suggest this completeness of personality are the elder *Mrs. Norman*, in "A Modern Obstacle," and *Mrs. Meredith*, the mother of *Rowan*, in Mr. Allen's new novel. The latter is the one woman in an American novel who bears a striking resemblance in nature and spirit to *Lady Calmady*, the lovely mother of "Sir *Richard Calmady*."

But with the exception of a few dialect stories, nearly all our novels are supplied with the well groomed woman, a lady whose mind generally has a financial basis upon which Cupid is obliged to stand if he stands at all in her regions. Illustrations of the type are to be found in "The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton," in the heroine of "The Spenders," and more recently in the character of *Pauline* in "The Modern Obstacle." All are capable, and none of them are commonplace, but they simply lack the instinct for the part they wish to play. They are not the *real* thing. With them refinement is not so much a matter of *being* as it is of externals, household decorations and clothes. No other women show such courage, taste and originality in the things they wear. (It is only when a Western novelist furnishes the heroine's toilet out of the abundance of his own red Indian imagination that she gives the impression of being a sort of cross between the bird of Paradise and a milkmaid!) But I doubt if any other women are so dependent upon the effect produced by clothes, if the truth were known. These are often the only mitigating circumstance in the conduct and point of view held by American women in fiction or out of it. The fact is, when a woman's figure proves her the mistress of the art of symmetry, and past mistress at reconciling a too vivid personality with the subduing harmony of clothes, she wins an appearance, and a sort of liberty of expression denied her less facile but better bred sisters. She has a genius for looking well, and a constitutional vivacity which Mr. Zangwill calls the "accent" of American beauty. And these constitute her national charm as a heroine in fiction.

Two types of women have been neglected by writers of fiction this year, the mothers of young children and the young widows of deceased husbands. No one seems interested in the psychology of the child-bearing woman, although it is dramatic enough to satisfy the demands of the sensationalist even. And apparently no one recognizes the peculiar fascinations of the pretty widow who wears her tribulations in the style of becoming weeds. This woman has had two natures already, maiden and married, respectively; she still has several minds, and an inscrutable disposition. Her charm would consist in the fact that she is never to be trusted. Thus she would give every man who bowed at her shrine the delightful sensation of gambling with destiny, an uncertainty that would insure to her many lovers, to say nothing of her other attrac-

tions. Yet I have not read a novel this year with such a character in it, while most of them present the married coquette in nearly every phase of romantic impropriety. But why have the married coquette when the young widow possesses the same qualifications and is without the moral incumbrance of a husband? Is it because virtuous, loyal wives are supposed to be uninteresting? Possibly they are when they have nothing to recommend them but dog-like fidelity, as in the case of *Ruth Gordon* in "The One Woman." But the one-sided development of this character is the author's fault, and so does not fairly represent the dramatic possibilities of the type to which she belongs. In any case, a little more of the "mother, home and Heaven" ideas will not damage fiction in this country.

New York Independent.



JENNIE RATCHER'S LUCK

BY CHARLES FLEMING EMBREE.

WHERE a canyon opens out half-bowl-like to the sea is Laguna, a tiny place far from a railroad. There the beach is terminated on either hand by rocks, and on them the wild Pacific rends its breast; or here lies purring on warm sand like a cat upon a hearth.

From El Toro the stage came rattling through the canyon at dusk, and deposited Harrison Ratcher and wife at the largest of those wooden houses that face the beach. On the porch was a sign, "Rooms for Rent."

They, an eager young couple, entered a large living apartment; and Mrs. Miggs sat there knitting. In a corner, bent over a table, whereupon were cards, which told the hours of high and low tide, sat a very old man.

"Here we are again!" cried Jennie Ratcher. "Just as last year, and ready for another vacation. How is the crop of abalones?"

She gave Mrs. Miggs an enthusiastic kiss.

"You see," said Ratcher, "we're so glad to get out of Los Angeles and the curio store, that we want to jump right into the sea. We'll gather abalones. The demand for shells is big at the store."

Plump, placid Mrs. Miggs pointed a thumb to her pile of abalone shells under a window. She had shark's eggs in a bowl, starfish on the wall, and barnacles and things all over the house.

"See," she said, "how many old Mr. Jones has got for me."

Old Jones was mumbling in his beard: "9:43 a. m., December the third. Lowest in sixty-two years. Two more days."

Some of the shells had been ground, and glowed with the light and coloring that has made California shells famous.

"If they are so plentiful," cried Jennie, "we can make our vacation expenses out of abalones. Oh, Mrs. Miggs, how we have slaved! And poor Harrison half sick! We are building up a trade; and in a few years, maybe, we shall be out of debt!"

Old Jones here arose and faced Jennie, who was a picture of optimism and health. There was a wide smile on his countenance, which was haggard and startling.

"Come here!" said Jones, and toddled to a window. The Ratchers stared out where he pointed. His voice was like the rustling of damp papers. "Down that way there ain't none." He swept his hand to the south. His eye on them dilated. "Don't go that way. Go up this way!" He swept his bony hand to the north.

"Oh, thanks!" said Jennie, inclined to edge away

from him. And Ratcher laughed big bass gratitude at the information.

"How old are you?" shouted Ratcher.

"Oh, don't yell," said Jones. "Ninety-five. I'll go to bed."

He mumbled, and went up the stairs. His old legs wobbled. He was saying to himself; "9:43, December the third. Lowest in sixty-two."

Up he climbed; now his head disappeared; now his withered trunk; now his rickety legs. They heard his footfalls, soft and strange, along an upper hall. Old Jones had left a chill behind.

"Who is that peculiar person?" Jennie whispered to Mrs. Miggs.

"Some old sailor," was the Miggs' reply. "He came two years ago, and was always studying the tides, just as now; and seemed to be watching for something that didn't occur; and then of a sudden he dropped out of sight. A week ago here he was again, toddling in."

Next day the winter sun was warm. Mrs. Ratcher was an inspiring thing in her bathing-suit, running down over the sand like an antelope, more health in her than in three ordinary men. And into the sea she plunged shouting, her jolly, big, hollow-chested husband after. When they emerged, yonder was old Jones gazing at them through a window.

"He makes me cold," shuddered Jennie, stopping in a laugh.

Then Jones' peculiar head was thrust far out over the roof of Mrs. Miggs' porch, and while the haggard face smiled widely bland, the head wagged three times to the north. Jones shut one eye as we wagged.

"Horrors, who does the creature mean?" said she.

But Ratcher roared with merriment.

"He means to hunt to the north. He said that there are no abalones to the south."

"Mercy, let's do it, and get out of his sight," she said; and went skimming the sand and leaping the rocks, he after, in the search for abalones.

After an hour, when she had been felled by a billow, she poked her glowing head up through its crest and—behold! the eye of old Jones. Old Jones was seated on a crag seventy feet high.

"Horrors!" she said; "look at him."

Ratcher paused with a mammoth yellow abalone in his hand, and stood in four feet of water, gazing up as though Jones had been a comet. Old Jones' horrible head was thrust out further over the uneven edge of his precipice, and wagged three times, majestic, yet ghastly, to the north. He shut one eye as he wagged.

"What a lugubrious mortal!" said she.

That night old Jones seemed feebler as he sat in Mrs. Miggs' house, mumbling over his tide-cards. Now and then his old eye gazed at Jennie, suspicious and uneasy. She was so alarmingly healthy, no wonder she got upon the nerves of anybody so near his grave as old Jones. Mr. Miggs was stringing limpet shells from the hanging-lamp. Mrs. Miggs had big, red crawfish in a pan. Old Jones went up to bed in ramshackle way; his head disappeared; his trunk; his legs. They heard his rustling footfalls grow faint in the hall above.

The walls of that house were very thin. In the night, Jennie Ratcher awoke from her vigorous sleep with a sense of queerness. But all she heard was old Jones in a distant room mumble and ramble in wakefulness, and say: "Two more days. Oh, me!"

Had Mrs. Ratcher not been one of the most extraordinarily healthy women that ever drew breath, she would have slept no more. But she did sleep—shades! how Mrs. Harrison Ratcher could sleep!

The following afternoon, again in bathing-suit and

gamboling beyond all reason, she went over the rocks with her husband, who grinned, half-stupified at her vim. To the rear she saw old Jones creeping out of the house with his eye fastened on her.

"Harrison," she whispered, where Mr. Ratcher stood poised on a crag, and hugged him in the sight of gossiping seagulls, "that old thing yonder—he's fooling us. I see right through him. Ugh! See his bad eye! I know that there must be oodles of abalones under those southern rocks, and what that old specimen says is intended to deceive. I'm going to slip down and go to that very place."

And she rubbed her nose on Mr. Ratcher's cheek, as though she were whetting it, then charged down jagged places to the sea. When she was hid down there, she crept southward to the spot where the rocks end and the beach begins. Away across the sand she flew.

Yonder across the gap the southern rocks rose, and Ratcher saw her disappear among them; then perceived old Jones, fifty yards behind him, stare, wag his head and grow agitated. Of a sudden, down over the rocks and out across the sand to the south, queer Jones, with rickety haste, eyes ablaze, went toddling. And Ratcher sat down on the rocks and shook with laughter, but later followed Jones.

Jennie, making flying leaps over incredible gulfs between rocks, was finding quantities of abalones.

"That shameless old codger!" cried she, and stood gazing round at the wild spot wherein she found herself, or sticking her toe into the sea-anemones to see them shut up round it and squirt. Then she felt a chill, and turned quickly to look up. Over a rock that hung above her projected the ragged head of Jones, twelve feet distant, against the unfathomable California sky.

"Mercy! Get away," said Mrs. Ratcher.

"Say, come out," rustled old Jones. His countenance had a dreadful look. "Come north, along of me, to where your husband is. I'll tell you about Dana."

"About what?"

"I sailed with Dana," cried the old man hoarsely over the rock. "With Richard Henry Dana in the *Pilgrim* away back in the 'thirties. You read 'Two Years Before the Mast'?"

"Oh, surely!" cried Mrs. Ratcher, making such a jump to the shore that Jones rubbed his eyes.

"Come away; I'll show you where we threw the hides down," he said.

"Hurrah!" cried Mrs. Ratcher; and sprinted on the sands to meet Ratcher. "What do you think! This old exhibit was with Dana."

The exhibit came toddling along. "Here," he mumbled, excited, pulling them by the clothes. "You can't see the place unless you come away to the north."

Old Jones could make pretty fair time himself when he had a mind to.

Ratcher was laughing, to Jennie's disgust, and she hit him on the back. But it was all tragic to Jones. The sweat stood out on his brow.

When they came to the summit of the northern rocks, he stood wind-shaken and dilapidated under the circling gulls, and pointed to a distant cliff.

"Yonder," he said, "we threw them down. The ship was gathering hides from the Mexicans to sell in Boston. To every old mission up and down the coast we went. Oh, me. Queer days. The captain was a tough one. At San Juan Capistrano, behind that mountain, they collected many, and brought 'em yonder. We climbed up there, and threw them to the beach. Oh, how they would skim and fly like birds! Oh, me. And right in the middle of that cliff they let Dana down by a rope for one that stuck. Seems

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yesterday. Dana was a brave striplin', but he had a mean streak."

"What?" cried Jennie, rebelling.

"Yes," said Jones, he done me dirt."

The old man would say no more. Watchful, feeble, he clung to Ratcher and wife all day like a leech. They agreed to go south no more till they could do it secretly. They felt sorry for the wobbling old codger.

At night, Mrs. Ratcher ate dozens of slices of bacon, not to mention eggs.

"Oh, Mrs. Miggs!" she whispered, "I know we can pay for our vacation with abalones. The sea is so good for Harrison! In three years we will be out of debt, and maybe build a house of our own."

And Mrs. Miggs rattled a new kind of clams that she had in her pocket, and laughed her easy laugh.

Jennie slept like a top, an extraordinary, a miraculous slumber, till 2 a. m. And then she woke of a sudden as though she meant business for certain. She heard a rustling outside her door. Ah—to be sure. But two things in the world rustled like that; old Jones' feet. She was going to see, was Mrs. Ratcher, and creeping to the door, opened it a crack. At the end of a corridor was a gable window over the sea, and through it moonshine fell. She came close, and found Jones with his head sticking out in the moonshine, staring at the Pacific. He seemed to be crazy and in pain. He wept piteously.

"I will not live to find it," he said. "I am dead. Oh, the tides! You white lunatic moon, you make them. I see the *Pilgrim* now. Captain, we'll get them down. Oh, captain, don't flog me no more, I'm old. I never done no harm to you. Don't beat me no more. I can't see where the place is in the rocks; it was in that direction; the tide has never been low enough. These modern houses bother me. But it will be low enough. Why couldn't it have been to-night?"

He put his head down, and sobbed. Jennie Ratcher picked him right up and bundled him to bed; just hustled him right along. Then she slept like a top till ten minutes of eight, and Mrs. Miggs' ham rose through the whole house on the breezy wings of the morning.

This day Jones was too feeble to get up, a fact which crazed him the more; when they went out to

hunt for abalones they left him raving. Mrs. Miggs, scared, was sending off for the doctor.

"I'm going right where he said not to go," said Jennie. "There's some mystery about that. Anyhow, there are oodles of abalones."

They went, free of old Jones and his eye at last. Everybody in Laguna had remarked on the tide today, lowest in sixty-two years, when Mrs. Ratcher plunged into the sea under the southern rocks. It enabled one to hunt abalones to the best advantage, and the sea was as smooth as a new Los Angeles cement sidewalk.

"Mercy me!" cried she. "What's this?"

Ratcher floundered there, and saw a hole in the rock which the falling tide had partially disclosed.

"A cave!" carolled Mrs. Ratcher, and waded in water nearly to her neck, only to return in glee and send Ratcher for a candle. Ratcher was back in a minute with that article.

"Old Jones is in a horrible way," said Ratcher. "Yelling at the top of his voice that he will die. Just screeching it!"

"I don't believe him," said Jennie. "Here goes."

And they floundered in. This cave was short, and led up out of water to the centre of those rocks, and there stopped. It was an ugly place, with scarcely a thing worth seeing.

"Shoots" said Jennie; "who cares for a stupid old cave?"

"What's this?" cried Ratcher, holding the candle to a rock. She came and found a little lead box, and tried to open it. It would not open. She lifted it, and bit the clasp with her teeth; literally chewed the clasp off. Oh, Jennie was somewhat of a wonder.

A gap in the narrative, like a nick in an old blue soup-plate. The Ratchers have prohibited the disclosure of the nature of that treasure. But it was splendid!

They stared at those things; and at each other.

"Golly," said Jennie; "we'll just take these, thank you."

"But here's a paper," he said.

"Let's get out, the tide will get us!" cried Mrs. Ratcher. She looked the old hole pretty well over first, and then waded out in the water up to her glowing neck. Outside, they sat and read the paper, she

stowing those splendid things somewhere in the neighborhood of her bosom. Here are the contents:

"Keep out. Git away. These things is charmed. The devil will foller him who takes I stole these here things me and Bill when we went to get hides from a Mexican named Juan Carrillado. We were getting them hid in the ship when Dana found it out. Dana made a row he says if we didn't take them back he'd do it. We thought he was going to give us away, and when the tide was low we come and hid them in this here cave what Bill found when he went huntin' abalones with the cook. . . . We told Dana we took them back to Carrillado. The ship sail to-night but she'll be back here in a month and me and the devils will git you. Hands off! This is to warn anybody that finds these here things that they are charmed and the devil will eternal foller him who takes."

They sat and pondered for some time.

"That knocks the bottom out of it," said Jennie.

"Well have to hunt Juan and turn them over."

"Doubtless he's dead," said Ratcher.

"Why, there'll be some children or something. Why, Harrison, you wouldn't steal?"

"I never have yet," snorted Ratcher.

They hurried back to Mrs. Miggs'.

"How's Jones?" they asked.

"Dead," she said, cool.

"Oh," they replied; and, of course, everybody was solemn till after the funeral. Poor old Jones, who cared? Oh, ninety-five years! Oh, progress of the human race while old Jones wandered! What matter his coffin, his unloved remains, his grave upon a hill?

On a gray day, Mr. and Mrs. Ratcher visited an old cemetery at San Juan Capistrano, accompanied by a priest.

"I am told," said the priest, scratching in the dust upon a stone, "that the last of the Carrillados lies here."

They looked; they could just make out:

.....
: FALLECIO :
: 1883 :
.....

And Jennie, having an uncontrollable vision of a possible house of her own, said, slowly, with scandalous levity repressed: "R.—I.—P.!"

Argonaut.

WORKINGMEN'S PENSIONS

Editor of the Mirror:

As a regular reader of your paper, and one of the parties directly concerned, I want to enter a protest against some arguments in "Reflections," in the MIRROR of August 27th. I refer to the article entitled "Pensioning Workingmen."

All the affirmative discussions of this proposition proceed from the idea that there exists between employer and employé a relation other than that of contracting equals.

Inferentially, the position is that after the stipulated price for a given service has been paid, the employé still has a presumably just claim against the employer.

To say that the laborer consented to perform a given service for less than in equity he could demand, is to say that he was at a disadvantage in the contract. The proper thing for "those who are hoping and striving for a more harmonious relation between capital and labor" to do, is to strive to bring about a condition in which they meet and treat as equals. This will be most readily disclosed by a calm, dispassionate discussion of inherent rights, rather than by a consideration of concessions.

The pension idea, instead of "making for a better understanding of the rights of labor among employers," in my view, is calculated to befog and belittle the question of rights and delay the consideration of truly corrective measures. You say, "The workingman who has been in the employ of a corporation for many years, and always faithfully and capably acquitted himself, is entitled to a pension when old age, disease or accident have put him in a state of physical or mental disability. This is one of those self-evident propositions that require no elaborate demonstration."

Another proposition "that needs no elaborate demonstration" is that a social order under which a man, after "many years" of capable and faithful service, finds himself in need of assistance, stands convicted of unfitness and supplies ample warrant for its own abolition. Again you say: "Long, faithful service is entitled to its reward."

What is the equitable reward for service? Is it less than the value of the service, or more than it is worth, or its true value? The workingman who demands more than his services are worth is outside the pale of our sympathy, and not within the scope of this discussion.

Equally clear is it that the employer who demands a service for less than its value is foreign to a discussion of questions largely ethical. So I think we have by elimination, disclosed that the equitable reward for service (regardless of the term of its duration), is the value of the service, if this be rendered. Where is the justice of the claim for additional reward (pension) in the future? Would not such additional reward be in the nature of charity? Manifestly it would.

Pensions could be paid only out of the product of the previous labor of the pensioners. Let us be just, before we are generous. The core and center of the pension demand is a revival of the idea of an aristocratic or responsible class,

and, correlatively, a plebeian or dependent class—from this it is but a few steps to a governing class. You assert that the pension system "is something to which intelligent workingmen cannot consistently object."

An investigation of the records will, I think, show that I have never been "held in the observation ward." Yet I have ever objected, and shall continue objecting, to the pension idea.

Nature has supplied me with an ordinarily skillful pair of hands, and a sufficient quantity of what we are pleased to call brains, to direct them. All other normal men are similarly equipped.

Nature has also supplied all but limitless raw material out of which may be fashioned those things that satisfy material human needs. Give us access to this, and none of us will, after "many years" of faithful, capable service, be in need of a pension. Yours for Democracy,

J. W. STEELE.

St. Louis, August 31st.



NEW BOOKS

A light-veined, yet singularly interesting volume is "A Girl's Life in a Hunting Country," by a writer who hides his identity under the *nom de plume* "Handasyde." The style is rambling and jerky; the ideas expressed are, perhaps, not very original, but they are conveyed in a mode that commands attention, and that compels one to read on and on with ever increasing interest, until the very end. The book pretends to be, and is, fiction. It embodies a thin, yet prettily developed and delicately told tale of love, and touches, in a sketchy manner, upon various social phases and characters, in a way reflecting a pensively serious, yet sincere philosophy of life. Taken all in all, the volume under review deserves to be recommended to the better class of fiction readers. It is published by John Lane, New York.



Hermann Scheffauer, one of the rising young *littérateurs* of the Pacific coast, is the author of a volume of verse entitled, "Of Both Worlds." Poetry of the serious sort is what we find therein, poetry that looks at the mysteries of life, and love and sin and pain and death, with sadly questioning eyes. The metrical construction is not entirely faultless; some of the poetic metaphors are decidedly, almost grotesquely forced, yet, on the whole, the verses ring true and strong. They bespeak more than merely considerable poetic talent and fancy on the part of the author. One of the poems, "Past and Present," is in the genuine Heinesque strain. The little volume presents a neat appearance, and contains a frontispiece photogravure of Mr. Scheffauer. Published by A. M. Robertson, San Francisco, Cal.



We are indebted to John Lane, New York, for the publication of Ethel Clifford's collected poems in book-form. Most of these verses made their original appearance in the *Westminster Gazette* and the *Pall Mall Gazette*. They can lay claim to undoubted distinction, in spite of some vagueness of poetic imagery and an occasional unruly metre. The

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NOTES.

The special summer edition of "The International Studio" has just made its appearance under the title, "Masters of English Landscape Painting." It is a beautiful, unique number. As the prefatory note reads, it "is the first serious effort to do some measure of justice to the work of J. S. Cotman, of David Cox, and of Peter De Wint." It contains a large number of artistically executed illustrations representative of the works of the three masters, and three essays by Laurence Binyon, A. L. Baldry and Walter Shaw Sparrow. The price of the number is \$2 net. Published by John Lane, New York, 67 Fifth avenue, New York.

The September number of "The Reader" is more than ordinarily interesting. Among the long list of contributions we note an article entitled "Misinterpreting the West," by Arthur Chapman; Keith Clark writes in a breezy, charming vein about "The Woman of Thirty;" and Frances Wilson presents a social-economic, half-humorous, half-pathetic study of "Manhattan's Lotos-Eaters." There are also various illustrations in this number.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS.

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HOW LISZT PLAYED

As Liszt played, his demeanor changed in sympathy with the intensely dramatic content of the work. During the somber phantasy his teeth were set, his lips and massive jaw firm, his entire face almost rigid; his gray eyes burned with the composer's inspiration, and his body straightened out as he leaned somewhat away from the keyboard. When he struck the ponderous chords of terror there was a vehemence almost diabolical in the sudden swoop of his great hands, and the tremendous crash fairly made one shiver. His nostrils became distended and his breath came quickly, as one laboring under great excitement. Indeed, it seemed that the spell of the great "tone poet," with whom, in his earlier years, he had been on such friendly terms, had completely mastered him; as though he felt himself again in his presence, and he would once more prove his devotion to Chopin's inspired art, and show him that Liszt still knew and could portray his innermost soul.

When he had finished, neither Miss Remmert nor myself spoke; it seemed somehow inappropriate, as though one should interrupt a prayer or a hymn with conversation. Liszt arose, and, without a word, turned and looked out of the window. What a flood of memories were rushing over his soul, of a past half-forgotten! How this little prelude "had rolled away the stone" of his sepulchred life and resurrected the happy days, the days of triumph and glory in Paris!—*Booklovers' Magazine*.

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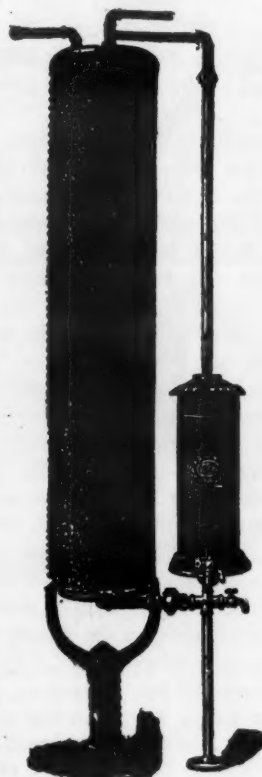
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AS TO MARRYING AGES

There are times in every woman's life, according to a high feminine authority, when she will marry anybody that comes along. These times are when she is 17 and 27. Between these ages she is discriminative, and after the second of the two she is apathetic. To the girl of 17, it is said, the idea that she makes a real live man's heart go pit-a-pat is so ecstatic that in gratitude for the distinction of a passionate proposal she easily fancies she is in love. She thinks her refusal to marry Augustus will break his heart and send him to an early grave. So she weds him out of generous pity in order not to wreck his life. She says "yes" and learns afterward that Augustus' heart is tough and had survived numerous prior desperate attachments. At 17 it is any man—any individual sufficiently inoffensive to allow her to nourish unchecked the illusions which her self-love cherishes. For at this age man is only the occasion, not the object of her affections. He is only a dummy; it is she who occupies the whole stage with her swiftly varying fancies and caprices.

At 19 she has evolved an ideal. It is no longer any man, but a particular man—a man tall, dark, passionate looking, with a Byronic air. One at war with his kind and of abnormal opinions in type. He may be pessimistic and melancholy. His merit is that he finds in her the beauty, purity and innocence that restore his faith in humanity and make happiness again a rational hope. A year later she is still romantic, but experience begins to make her a trifle more practical. The spectacular beau of striking physical aspect is refined into the strong, earnest man, who looks at things in a lofty, high-minded way and has a fad. Her idol may be a matinee hero, an unappreciated genius, a social settlement worker or a long-haired poet. It is a time of danger. She may accept a theological student or elope with her music teacher. Such is her missionary spirit that she is capable of marrying a drunkard to reform him. With 22 there is less risk of such unpromising ventures. She begins to enjoy life in its objective aspects, without exclusive reference to her subjective meditations. Matrimony, like heaven, is a cherished aspiration, but social incidents have become interesting. She sees farther than before into the drama of life as others play it and it entertains her. Many tepid admirers, she thinks, are better than one who is fiery. In short, she is having a good time and is averse to exchanging the gayeties of life for a humdrum husband. If she marries at this age, she is likely to make a discreet choice.

At 27, however, comes a period of panic, and, as ten years before, the danger is great. It is seen that her contemporaries have nearly all married. The girls who were her schoolmates are settled matrons and boast the virtues of their children. She accordingly begins to feel lonesome. The younger set put her aside or ask her to chaperon their parties. Perhaps a gray hair—awful sight!—makes its appearance. Is she an old maid? The idea affrights her.

She loses her nerve and plunges wildly, taking the first man that offers. Foolish matches belong to this period—the superannuated beau or the widower with ten children.

Spinsterhood has its own pleasures, which the spinster at 35 begins to appreciate. The panic is over and a period of calm and contemplation succeeds. Many marriages of friends have turned out badly and there is consolation in seeing what one has escaped. Love is all right, but she sees that in many cases it was unequal to the trials of matrimony. It is not the only thing to be had in view in marriage, an establishment, with ample income, having in it the promise of a dignified life, if not ecstasy. The subsequent stages are few. "At 40," says Dorothy Dix, whose authority we have been following, "the old maid is hopelessly addicted to her latch key and her own pocket, and her matrimonial chances are nil. Some few widows who have acquired the habit of having a master, and are lost without one, marry after that, but the spinster rarely does. When she does, however, she throws judgment and reason to the winds and marries to please a sudden fancy."—*Baltimore Sun*.

THE PRICE OF RADIUM

Radium, discovered in 1898, was valued at five million dollars a pound. Its estimated value has since been reduced to \$2,721,555.90 a pound, which is a very material reduction, but the price is still high. We read with interest that a Buffalo man, Mr. Stephen T. Lockwood, expects to engage in the manufacture or extraction of this interesting substance, and hopes to lower the price still further. His hopes, as recorded in the papers, are based on the possession of certain deposits of carnotite in Utah, from which he has been able to extract radium, and which he believes can be induced to give its radium up somewhat easier than the obtained has been extracted. We hope he will succeed. Radium is the most interesting substance out, and, dear though it is, a very little of it goes a great ways, and lasts, apparently, forever. We want more of it, for, unlike liquid air, it seems really to be of use for something besides amusement and speculation.—*Harper's Weekly*.

ONE ON THE SURGEON.

A well-known English surgeon was imparting some clinical instruction to half a dozen students who accompanied him in his rounds the other day. Pausing at the bedside of a doubtful case, he said: "Now, gentlemen, do you think this is, or is not, a case for operation?" "One by one the students made their diagnosis, and all of them answered in the negative. "Well, gentlemen, you are all wrong," said the wielder of the free and flashing scalpel, "and I shall operate to-morrow." "No, you won't," said the patient, as he rose in his bed; "six to one is a good majority; gimme my clothes."

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SOCIETY

The social season will open this year with the Veiled Prophet ball, which is to be more brilliant than ever. From a host of beautiful and aristocratic debutantes the Prophet will chose his queen and her maids of honor, and the elect will do homage at his shrine eagerly and with renewed zest to make the grand annual ball the leading social event.

Nearly all the weddings in the smart set are deferred till after the ball, the autumn brides-to-be having determined to attend that function as one of the last of their pre-nuptial gaieties.

Miss Marie Nidelet, whose marriage to Edgar Rozier is to occur in November, and Miss Louis Brown, with her fiancé, Ingram Boyd, will be among the guests of the ball.

Miss Lily Lammert's marriage to Dr. R. B. Higbee is set for the last week in September. It will be a quiet, but exceedingly fashionable function, for which the elegant Lammert home in Lindell boulevard is finely adapted.

Last week the engagement was announced of Miss Lina Boisliniere and Dr. Joseph Grindon, the wedding day to be set in the first week of October. Miss Boisliniere is a daughter of the late Dr. L. Chermontier Boisliniere, one of the most prominent physicians of St. Louis two decades ago. Her mother was the beautiful Marian Hite, of Kentucky, a belle of Lexington and St. Louis in her younger years. The marriage will be solemnized at high mass in St. Xavier's Church. A wedding breakfast to which only the nearest relatives of bride and groom are bidden, will be followed by their departure for a honeymoon in the country.

Miss Violet Pierce, youngest daughter of Mr. H. Clay Pierce, is proving herself a most dashing whip on the North Shore drives, as well as one of the most attractive girls at Pride's Crossing, Beverly, Mass., where the Pierces have a summer home. She tools her four-in-hand with perfect ease, and to the manner born. Miss Pierce was a pupil at Bryn Mawr last winter, but at that time gave no outward sign of her splendid horsemanship. After the Christmas holidays the young women of Bryn Mawr compared Christmas gifts. Miss Pierce mentioned as a gift from her father, a four-in-hand. It is only this summer, however, that some of her schoolmates have found out, to their surprise, that the four-in-hand was a handsome coach and four bay horses, and not a necktie of the fashionable cut.

Two Brazilian beauties, the daughters of Col. Francisco de Souza Aguiar, the Brazilian Commissioner General to the World's Fair, will be the hostesses of the Aguiar establishment during the winter season. Misses Eulalia and Jenny are now engaged in searching a suitable residence in the fashionable sections of the town, to which they will remove from the Planters' Hotel, where they are located.

The Rye Beach coterie of St. Louisans is still intact. Mr. and Mrs. Henry C. Scott have with them as their guests Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Knox, of St. Louis, and Mrs. Treadwell, of Boston.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Allen are entertaining Dr. and Mrs. Harvey Mudd. The Robert McKittrick Jones have joined the Rye Beach contingent, and Judge and Mrs. Henry C. Priest are determined to remain at Rye till the first of October.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Handlan have returned from a trip on the private yacht *Savannah*. They will wind up their summer outing with a stay of a fortnight at the Chicago Beach Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ames, who have been summering at the Hot Springs of Virginia, are in New York City, en route home.

Mrs. O'Fallon Delaney and her summer guests will return next week from Douglass, Mich., where the Delaneys have a beautiful country house. Miss Marie Garesche will be back from there in October. Miss Marie Dunn, who has been a guest of Miss Garesche's, has already come back.

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Dr. and Mrs. Bransford Lewis are at home from Charlevoix, where they spent most of their time on their yacht, *June Girl*, a handsome craft built for good cruising and entertaining.

Mr. and Mrs. Truman Riddle and Mr. and Mrs. George Riddle, came back this morning from Charlevoix. They will soon be followed by the W. G. Chappells and the Horace Rumseys, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Lake and the J. C. Birges.



Miss Biggs: "Are you going to the matinee?" Miss Baggs: "Of course; Julia and I want a good, cozy place to tell each other all our summer experiences." Incidentally, the two girls discussed the excellencies of Swope's shoes, which added materially to their comfort all summer. For Swope shoes are unexcelled in fit, finish and durability. They are for sale at Swope's, 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis, U. S. A.



MONT PELEE'S OBELISK.

Fresh from what he terms the most wonderful spectacle nature has ever presented, Prof. Angelo Heilprin is back in Philadelphia, after a two months' visit to Mont Pelée on the Island of Martinique.

"The distinguishing feature of Mont Pelée," he says, "and that which makes this volcano unique among the volcanoes of the world, is the giant tower or obelisk of rock which is being extruded from the summit of the newly made cone, which obelisk now rises up in supreme grandeur over 5,000 feet high and almost vertically 840 feet above the summit of the cone proper, with a thickness at the base of from 300 to 350 feet.

"Looking at this obelisk of solid lava from the rim of the crater as I did at the time of my latest ascent of the volcano on June 13, the scene that presented itself was of unequaled grandeur, and having fully in mind the grand scenes of nature that I have already witnessed, the Alps, the Grand canyon of the Colorado, the Yosemite, and the great ice fields of the Arctic North, it seems to

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be well within the truth to say that this scene surpasses all others.

"One can form no conception of its magnificence and terrorizing aspect. The old summit of Mont Pelée, which was rounded and about 4,000 feet high, is now overtopped by this new creation by nearly 1,000 feet, so that the apex of the volcano, which surpasses the old dome, is found at a height of 5,200 feet above the sea, and the cone, together with its surmounted obelisk, has still surrounding it a crater basin of about 300 feet depth, over which great puffs of steam and sulphur vapor are being emitted, showing that the activity of the volcano is not yet still.

"The appearance of this obelisk or monument on the summit of the volcano, transfixing its cone and virtually blocking it, is no less remarkable than the conditions which are involved in its making. There is no question of doubt that the entire mass, rising to twice the height of the Washington Monument at Washington, with four times its thickness, is being pushed up bodily, and has been pushed out in this manner to its full present height.

"The volcanic stress that has lifted it is the same which in other volcanoes ejects flowing lava, but in this particular instance the molten matter within the volcano has hardened before it has left the lip of the crater, and comes out as a united solid. Hence the lava instead of overflowing simply mounts up higher and higher into space.

"To what extent this head may still be carried in the future it is impossible to say. The aspect that is now presented is one that is unique in the history of volcanoes, and it itself will tell in weeks or months to come what the possibilities of this new form of construction or new type of activity may be.

"This vast obelisk, which gives the appearance as seen from St. Pierre of a monument erected by nature to the dead is slightly arched or curved in the direction of the destroyed city. On the opposite side it arises with a well-nigh vertical face and presents a perfectly smooth, almost polished surface, made so and grooved as the result of hard pressure against the casing of the wall of rock which borders its channel of exit. The surface, indeed, recalls to the geologist the appearance of horizontal rock masses that have been polished and curved as the result of glacial action.

"On May 31, when the volcano lost nearly 200 feet of its summit, the apex reached the 5,200 feet. At the present time it rises slightly above 5,000 feet. On



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the four days preceding June 17, the rise of the tower was 21 feet, but in the early period the extrusion was nearly twice as rapid. On the day preceding my departure a faint line of steam was seen issuing from the absolute apex, showing the fissures and passages that exist within the mass which permit the interior steam to travel through completely from the base to the summit."—*Philadelphia Press.*

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THEATRICALS

"Gus" Weinburg, with years of local fame clinging to him, is the newest thing in "The Storks," the musical fantasia of second season flavor, with which the Century opened its doors for the year, last Sunday night. Last year Richard Carle, who is one of the collaborators of the book of "The Storks," impersonated the *Bungloo of Bacteria*, the part in which Mr. Weinburg succeeds him. As Carle ridiculed his own ethereal thinness in many speeches, Weinburg, who looks like a whale by the side of the spider-proportioned Carle, had to change nearly all the lines referring to that part of his personality. With that strange persistency with which fate sometimes pursues a man in certain grooves, Weinburg seems to have fallen a prey to "leg" complications in the parts in which he has been seen lately. In "The Burgomaster" he had to get used to the management of three legs; in "The Storks" it was no easy matter to learn to stand on one. In the second act Mr. Weinburg interpolates a topical song of his own, "It is the Last That I Remember," and makes a hit. In the charming daughter of the Postmaster, *Violet*, we recognize the Countess Olga von Hatzfield, who made a vaudeville debut here five years ago. A chorus of pretty, fresh-looking girls, a prima donna with more than the ordinary qualifications for leadership in personal charms and vocal giftedness, make "The Storks" good entertainment these

waning summer days. Next week "King Dodo" will come back to town for a week's lodging at the Century. Richard Golden plays the title part.

In less careful hands than those of Mr. Herbert Kelcey, Gillette's serio-burlesque character of "Sherlock Holmes," offered for view at the Olympic this week, would find it impossible to survive another season. Kelcey's methods of suppression are on a par with those of Gillette. In every scene in which *Sherlock Holmes* has the center of the stage, which is pretty nearly all the time, there is need of this suppression. Miss Effie Shannon capably assists Mr. Kelcey in the part of *Alice Faulkner*, scarcely more than a foil for the tedious work of the leading man. The company engaged to represent "Sherlock Holmes" is capable and painstaking. Next week, "The Chinese Honeymoon," long expected and heralded as the best musical fantasia of last year's New York season, will come to the Olympic, beginning its engagement Sunday night.

"The Village Postmaster," at the Grand Opera House this week is one of those charming rural dramas that fits itself to the taste of every class of theater-lovers. This was demonstrated at the Grand Opera House last Sunday and every night since by the largest audiences of the season so far. The wedding scene in the village church with which the play culminates, bringing deserved reward to virtue and punishment to

crime, is the most realistic bit of scene picturing imaginable. A well balanced company, in which such clever people as Burt Hodgkins, Edna Bert, Edna Tillyner, Eugene Powers, John Lane Connors and Eddie Russell sustain the leading characters, gives excellent presentation to the fine New England drama. So well picked is the company now at the Grand, that they will be sent to London at the end of the season to present the play there, and in the provinces of England. Next week "Hoity Toity," one of the best of the late musical farces, will be offered at the Grand by Manager Sheehy. It is ablaze with fun and good music.

At the Imperial Theater, "Her Marriage Vow" holds audiences spell-bound through a series of highly sensational scenes, the most realistic of which is a railroad disaster, faithfully reproduced and cleverly handled. A melodrama in which hair-raising and side-splitting situations are equally balanced is always sure of success with lovers of the sensational stage production. "Her Marriage Vow" is all of that and more: it is presented by a good company, the members of which know just how far to go in the serious and comic work. James A. Marcus is excellent as the postmaster, and Lillian Hathaway's spinster could not be improved in unctuousness by even Annie Yeamans. For next week Manager Russell has engaged "The Queen of the Highway," a melodrama rich in realism.

Manager Reichenbach will present to his patrons on Sunday matinee at the Standard, Frank B. Carr's "Thoroughbred Burlesquers," an organization that has become very popular with the lovers of burlesque and vaudeville. This company comes for a week's engagement. It has a roster that comprises many of the shining lights of the vaudeville stage, among whom are Blanche Washburn and Josie Flynn, America's foremost comedienne, Kennedy and Evans, gay cavaliers of Irish wit, peerless Mlle. La Toska, the world's greatest contortionist, and many others. Two laughable skits are given at each performance, "Female Model Flats," and the "Thoroughbreds," with the entire company in the cast, showing a wealth of scenery and beautiful costumes, marvelous transformations and pretty and shapely girls.

At the Delmar this week, vaudeville performances of decided merit are given. There are some sensational specialties, some of which have never been seen here before. But we must not forget Couturier's band, which still discourses first-class, popular music. "Beautiful Delmar" is still keeping up to the very top notch.

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OLD-FASHIONED PLEADERS

In the little group of men gathered in the corner of the club café there was one whose white hair and mustache, in marked contrast to his ruddy face, stood for long experience of life. If there was something in his striking appearance which attracted the attention of men coming into the café or passing through it, there was also that in his conversation which held the attention of those who were within sound of his voice.

They had been talking about the changed conditions which obtain in the practice of the law nowadays as compared with a time which, in the actual number of years involved, was far from long ago. In these times, one of the younger men had said, the lawyers who have the great reputations, who earn the largest fees and enjoy the greatest incomes, are rarely seen in the trial courts. It is as counsel that they have shown their strength. Their work is done in the quiet of their secluded offices, and agility or resourcefulness in the actual rough-and-tumble of the jury trial has not been the basis of their success.

"It is all very much changed from the time when I was in active practice," said the white-haired old man. "In those days the great lawyer was the great pleader, and by that I mean the man who was the great power with juries, not the man strong in argument before the Supreme Court. It was the trial lawyer, the man who was always ready for any sort of emergency that might arise, who was never taken by surprise by anything that the other side might do, who had been through the opposing side of the case as well as his own—he was the fellow who won the big cases and earned the large fees.

"I shall never forget a case which I saw tried in this city a good many years ago. It was a criminal case, the defendant being charged with murder in the first degree. Two of the cleverest lawyers then at the New York bar met in that trial. One was the District Attorney, the other the leading counsel for the defence. I remember the delight with which I followed the case as the trial progressed, and I noted how very thoroughly each man had foreseen what the other would do and prepared himself to meet it.

"There was no question about the killing. The defendant had shot a man twice, and both bullets had gone through the heart. The defendant was a young man who had lived a rather wild life, but he was not at heart a bad man. He declared that the shooting had been entirely in self-defence. The dead man was much larger and stronger than he, and at the time of the shooting, the defendant was just recovering from a long and serious illness.

"During this illness he had been cared for by a woman who had had an affair with the other man. This man came to their house one evening and attacked the woman with his fists, beating her severely. The defendant interfered and the larger man turned on him. Then the young man shot.

"There was a perceptible interval be-

tween the two shots, and it was the contention of the District Attorney that in that interval the young man had time enough to realize fully what he was doing and to determine deliberately to kill his antagonist. Upon that contention the District Attorney relied for a conviction of murder in the first degree.

"The one witness who could give direct testimony as to the shooting was the woman. She was arrested at the same time as the defendant. In fact, they surrendered together, going to the police station and notifying the police of what had occurred. They were held in jail during the time before the trial, and while there were both converted and joined the Methodist Church.

"The trial proceeded rapidly and the prosecution made out a fairly strong case. The woman had not been indicted, and at the last the prosecution decided not to call her as a witness. The

District Attorney had become convinced that she was entirely on the side of the defendant, and he preferred to try to break the force of her testimony on cross-examination. He had discovered that she had had a checkered career, and he figured on being able to show the facts from her own lips in such a way as to discredit her.

"The woman was put on the stand by the defence, and she told a simple, straightforward story of the shooting, which bore out the contention of the defendant. Then she was turned over to the District Attorney for cross-examination. He had her go over the matter again in the old detailed way that so many lawyers employ, trying to read the story out so thin that it would lose force. Then he began on her record. The defence had made no objections to any of his questions, and now, as the first one bearing on her past

life was asked, the senior counsel for the defence rose to speak. But the Judge was a little before him and was already instructing the witness that she need not answer any question the answer to which might, in her opinion, tend to incriminate or degrade her.

"I was about to ask your Honor to so instruct the witness," said the defendant's lawyer. "Of course, we have no objection to her telling anything about herself which she sees fit, we simply desired to have her informed of her rights in the matter."

"I don't know what sort of coaching he had given the woman before that, but that struck me as being about as clever an invitation to a witness to go on as could well be given in court. Whether it was a hint or not, the woman took the cue. She squared herself to face the District Attorney and began to answer his questions. He had had her

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record looked up carefully and now he took her from one affair to another with the persistency of a hound on the trail.

"That is one of the most dangerous things that a lawyer can do, for in the excitement of driving home his questions and bringing out what he is after he is likely to overlook the effect he is producing upon the jury. I remember noting after he had been on this line for some time that some of the jurymen were looking at the witness with evident sympathy. It was a terrible ordeal for any woman to undergo, no matter how abandoned she might have been.

"I never saw a woman who had as much nerve as that witness. She stuck to it like a major. She was very quiet and white-faced, and sometimes her voice was so low that it could be heard only with difficulty, but all the time she seemed to be animated only by the desire to answer frankly any question the District Attorney might ask. It seemed to surprise him a little to have her meet him in that manner instead of fighting and being sulky, and perhaps that drove him farther than he would have gone otherwise.

"But whatever the reason, he kept at it until the inevitable happened and he went too far. One question the woman answered straight and with evident sincerity. At the next, which was no worse than many that had preceded it, she clasped her hands over her face and broke down utterly, sobbing like a child, in spite of her efforts to restrain herself.

"In an instant the District Attorney saw what he had done. The fat was all in the fire. There were looks in the faces of the jurymen that showed very plainly where their sympathies lay. The District Attorney stood waiting for the woman to recover her composure and the lawyers for the defence sat still and said nothing. After a little the woman quieted down and presently faced the District Attorney again with the same old simple manner, a little apologetic, if anything, for having broken down, but ready to go on with the ordeal. The District Attorney fumbled around a little, asked a few unimportant questions, to try to cover up his retreat, and sat down.

"Then the senior counsel for the defence got up.

"It has been stated here in the opening of this case," he said, "that since this shooting, and during the time that you have been held awaiting this trial, you have been converted to the Christian religion and have joined a church. Is that true?"

"The woman simply nodded her head in assent.

"And are you still a member of that church?" asked the lawyer.

"I am," she said.

"That is all," said the lawyer, and sat down.

"He had driven home what he wanted and the District Attorney saw that his case was gone. It took the jury only four minutes to find a verdict of not guilty."—*New York Sun.*

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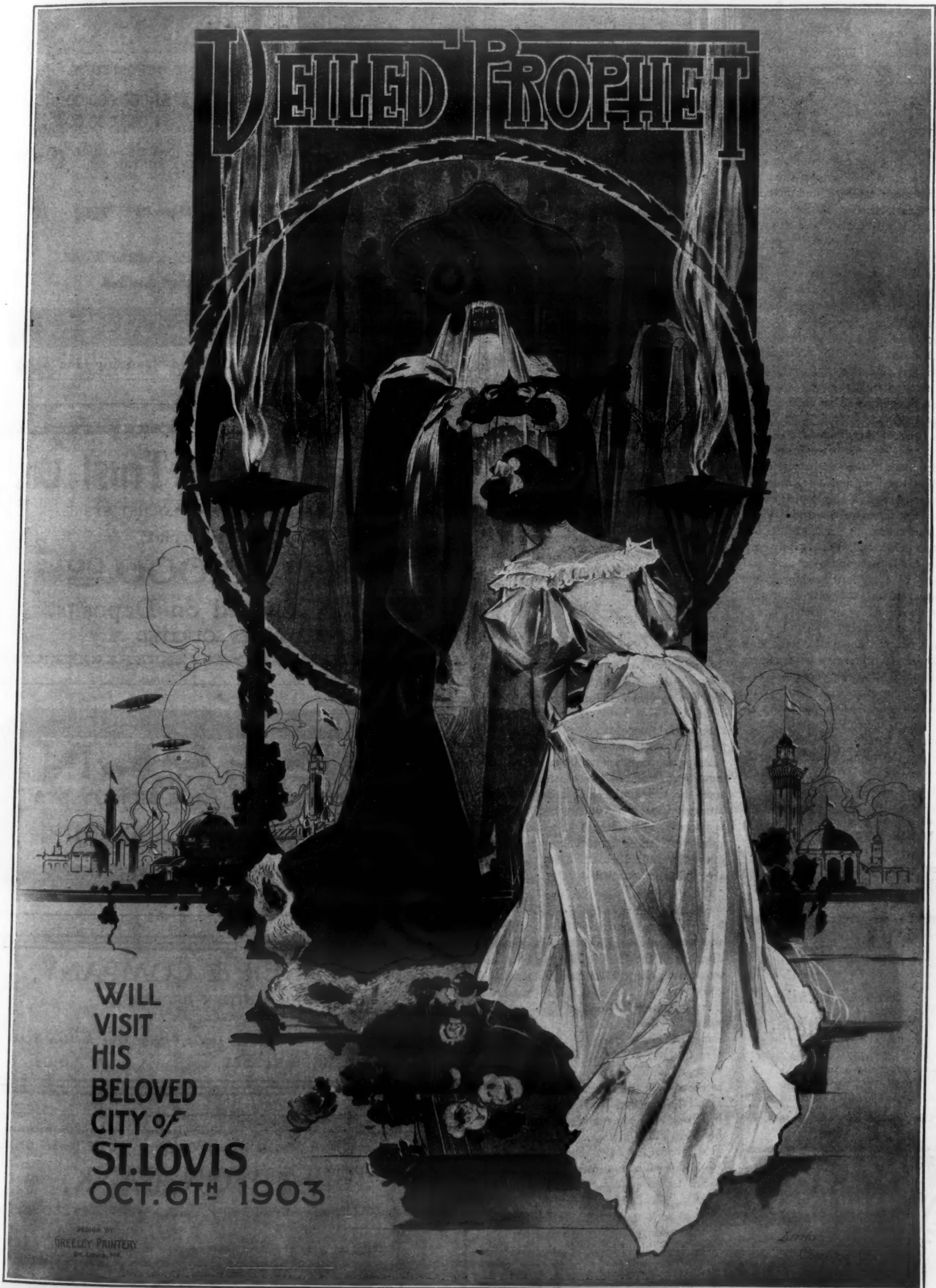
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THE STOCK MARKET

Dullness has changed into stagnation in Wall street. Transactions in the last few days have been on an abnormally small scale, even for this monotonous time of the year. As a result thereof, prices, with few exceptions, have changed very little. Trading was almost entirely professional, though, at times, it could be noticed that skillful manipulators were engaged in attempts at infusing more strength and activity into their favorite issues. Various vague rumors of railroad "deals" were shrewdly put forth, so as to attract the public and to give some semblance of delusive reasonableness to the movements in specialties. However, the public wisely and steadfastly refused to nibble at the tempting bait. It did not like the appearance of things. The abrupt declines in some directions kept suspicions alive, and served notice that everything was not serene beneath the surface, that there were dangerous eddies in the speculative maelstrom.

The passing of the dividend on Colorado Fuel and Iron preferred brought it home once more to the Wall street community that the iron and steel industry is no longer in such a highly prosperous condition. Consumptive demand is falling off, and stocks on hand are assuming large dimensions. This is fully confirmed by the late reports of commercial agencies. If conditions and prospects were still as rosy as optimists would make us believe they are, the Colorado Fuel and Iron preferred dividend would have been ordered paid, especially since it is cumulative. The new management of this concern, however, does not care to pay out big dividends when trade conditions are such as to make the accumulation of a good-sized surplus in the treasury urgently necessary.

Regarding the advance in Atchison, the common assumption is that buying was principally manipulative, for the purpose of influencing the rest of the list. The stories of some sort of a sensational dicker between this company and the Rock Island or Pennsylvania are not taken seriously by well-informed traders. Besides, they have done service

so often in the last two years that the Wall street fraternity has grown somewhat indifferent to them. The same trick cannot be "worked" forever, and particularly not at this time, when the speculative spirit is perceptibly jaded and satiated and disposed no longer to take any old story at par value. Undoubtedly, the upward movement in Atchison common was facilitated by the execution of buying orders for short account, the stock having been known for some time to be largely oversold. It may, however, not be amiss to add that the earnings of the Atchison system are still on a highly satisfactory basis. It is estimated that current revenues show about eight per cent earned on the common shares. But for the ineradicable belief in some quarters that the operating expenses of the company are suspiciously low, the gratifying monthly returns would surely entail a sharp bulge in both common and preferred.

The transfer of a large amount of Metropolitan stock held by Kuhn, Loeb & Co., of New York, who financed the recent financial operations of Vreeland's ambitious enterprise, to other prominent interests, had a bad effect on the value of these shares, and, incidentally, disturbed the entire list. The firm named advanced several excusatory theories for its action, the chief one being that banking houses are not expected to be so extensively interested in industrial enterprises, as they have but a limited practical knowledge of the management and requirements thereof. Among the knowing ones, however, it is whispered about that Kuhn, Loeb & Co., threw their holdings overboard because they had grown distrustful of the future of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, owing to the fact that the current earnings barely suffice to pay the guaranteed 7 per cent on the stock. These late developments have amply vindicated the views expressed in these columns ever since the company began to conduct sensational, though up-to-date experiments in financial hydraulics. Metropolitan is suffering from a most acute case of dropsy, and the disease is likely to end in a complete breakdown.

On the other side of the Atlantic, speculative and investment markets have been seriously perturbed by the sudden and sharp advance in the official rate of discount of the Bank of England, superinduced by heavy German demand for gold. A few days ago, almost five million dollars left London for bankers' vaults in Berlin. This action of the Bank of England had become inevitable; in fact, it should have been taken three or four weeks ago. In response to the rise in the rate, sterling exchange at all Continental centers, and likewise in New York, has stiffened considerably. At this writing, the New York rate is close to \$4.87, and thus nullifies all hopes of a movement of the yellow metal to America within the next few weeks. The Bank of England, as stated here a week ago, is not disposed to permit of a dangerous depletion of its holdings of gold. Besides raising its discount rate, it has further advanced its bid price for the yellow bars to 77 shil-



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New York banks have been decided losers on sub-treasury operations in the past week. The movement to the interior is already assuming large proportions, in spite of the fact that the balances of the interior banks at New York are, at the present time, unusually small. However, there is as yet no special apprehension perceptible anywhere in financial circles, owing to Mr. Shaw's announcement that he intended to enlarge Federal deposits in case of a threatening pinch.

Investment demand is surprisingly small. It is estimated that there are now more than one hundred and fifty municipalities in this country anxiously waiting for an opportunity to float bond issues. The investor has evidently been badly scared by recent events. The fearful breaks in some leading issues have opened his eyes in regard to intrinsic values. They have given him a lesson in finance which he is carefully studying, and, undoubtedly, to good advantage to himself. The investment market will have another revival in due time, but not in the near future. The true position of finance and industry will first have to reveal itself more clearly and demonstrate beyond doubt its strength and stability before conservative investors can again be expected to absorb large amounts of securities. If there is to be a bull movement this fall, it will probably have to be started by the speculator and not the investor. The latter is, proverbially, a timid, scary fellow.

Prospects at this writing, favor a continuance of dull trading and uninteresting fluctuations for a little while longer. But if all symptoms are not misleading, there will be some lively and sensational trading this fall. The market is in a transitional stage. Whether the bull or the bear is to have the upperhand in the approaching decisive movement, will soon become apparent.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

There is little activity in the St. Louis market. What trading there is, does not satisfy commission houses. Neither buying nor selling orders are plentiful. Nobody seems to care to start a movement either way. Wall street evidently acts as a deterrent. The new inspiration will have to come from there.

St. Louis Transit has declined some fractions on the sale of a few hundred shares. It is now selling at 18. United Railways preferred is steady, though very dull, at about 67½. But few sales have lately been made of the United Railways 4 per cent bonds. The last transactions was effected at 80.

There is hardly anything doing in bank and trust company issues. For Third National 312 is asked, for Mercantile Trust 355, and for Missouri Trust 128. Lincoln firmed up a little bit. The last bid was 250. For Commonwealth 242 is bid, and for Mechanics' National 255. For Title Guaranty 75 is asked.

Central Coal and Coke common is selling at 62½. Simmons Hardware second preferred at 125. For Chicago Railway equipment 6 is bid, and for National Candy common 20½.

St. Louis Brewing Association 6s are firmer. They are in demand at 93. Missouri-Edison 5s are unchanged at 96½. For Lindell Railway 5s 104 is bid.

Money is in good demand. Rates are a trifle higher for time and call

loans. Some large currency shipments were made lately to interior points. Drafts on New York are at a discount. Sterling is strong and higher, the last quotation being 4.87½.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

L. F., Denison, Tex.—Would hold Cotton Belt common for the present. Southern Pacific should work higher after a while. Consider Cotton Belt consolidated 4s an attractive speculative purchase.

A. S. S.—Think Erie first preferred should soon sell at 70 again, barring the unexpected. Do not consider it a tempting speculation, however. Would prefer the common.

Dalton, Lamar, Mo.—Would keep out of Tennessee Coal & Iron. Republic Iron & Steel common looks hopeless for the present. Don't consider the preferred dividends very safe.

Lewis K., Charleston, Ill.—Steel common looks very doubtful. It all depends on the dividend. The expected may have been discounted. I believe, however, that a cessation of payments would reduce the price still further.

Saxton.—Would let go of B. R. Transit on first rally. Stock looks treacherous. Intrinsically, it's not worth more than current prices.

W. P. T., Decatur, Ill.—Sell your Southern Railway common at price mentioned. Will most likely go there before it recedes again. Your other question answered elsewhere.

RACING AT DELMAR


Frank Bell won the Autumn stakes at Delmar, last Saturday, in rather handy fashion, beating Elliott's fast sprinter, Hilee, by a good two lengths. Although Hilee made a bold bid on the backstretch, he was never able to overhaul Bell.

The result showed two things: that Bell is getting into his form of last year and that Hilee has not entirely abandoned his old peculiarity of unwillingness to come from behind. He is one of the quickest breakers at the track, but let a horse once get ahead of him and Hilee loses his ambition.

Little Scout, from the Bennett stable, had two or three unlucky races lately. He broke his run of defeats by beating a high-class field rather handily, Saturday. The easy manner in which he ran over the contestants proved that his defeat by Flintlock, Taby Tosa and Light Opera earlier in the week was due to the manner in which the race was run. Nothing new has developed among the two-year-olds to indicate the supremacy of the closing period. Forehand seems to be getting too much of it and is beginning to back up under heavy weight. He generally carries the top impost in his handicaps and is showing the effects of this loading.

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FINEST LIQUORS

THAT'S ALL.



BIG FOUR

St. Louis to New York.
St. Louis to Boston.
St. Louis to Cincinnati.

Father Knickerbocker:
"Porter, order my breakfast in the Dining Car. I have had a splendid night's rest and have a good appetite. The Big Four is the smoothest road I ever saw."

TICKET OFFICE,
Broadway and Chestnut Street,
C. L. HILLEARY, A. G. P. A. St. Louis.



THE ARRIVAL OF
NEW FALL GOODS
—AT—
The Crawford Store
Makes It More Attractive Than Ever



New Arrivals in Our
SILK DEPARTMENT

(SECOND FLOOR.)

Some stunning effects to be seen here.

- An assortment of different styles in Wash Waists, for all, in Madras, Oxfords, etc., some fleece-lined, in white, black and black and white with a little dash of the fashionable red, worth \$2.50, now\$1.50
- Fall Jackets in castor, black and blue, collarless, with the new sleeves, trimmed with velvet and band stitching, bought to sell for \$10.50—as a starter\$7.50
- Melton Cloth Walking Skirts, the very newest cut, beautifully tailored, with the new flaps on seams, in brown, Oxford and black—bought to sell for \$8.75—as a starter\$5.98
- Fine Tailor-made Suits in cheviots, serges, Venetians and broadcloths—you have never before seen their equal—were \$12.50 to \$20.00—this week\$4.98

ALTERATIONS FREE OF CHARGE.

AUCTION SILKS

This week we will continue our big sale from our immense purchase of silks at auction from the large manufacturers of Pelgram & Meyer, N. Y.; every piece new and desirable in color and style, including black in Taffeta Louisines, Peau de Soie, and Peau de Cygne.

- Shirt Waist Silk, in taffeta pointellas and peau de cygne, in brown, blue, green, gray and cardinal, with small effects, worth \$1.00; Auction Price75c
- Peau de Cygne, in plain colors, strictly all silk; we have them in 18 different shades, not a bad color in the lot; worth \$1.00; Auction Price69c
- Taffeta for dropskirts, "Yama Mai," sold exclusively by us; it is all silk and comes in 62 different shades, including black and white; worth 50c; Auction Price39c
- Black Taffeta, a heavy bright finish rustling silk; worth 69c; Auction Price49c
- 27-inch Changeable Silks, with point effects, in white; a beautiful stylish silk for ladies' shirtwaist suits; worth \$1.39, for89c
- 27-inch extra heavy rustling black Taffeta; worth \$1.00; Auction Price69c
- Black Peau de Soie; these are imported French goods, pure dye, double warp and double faced; worth \$1.85; Auction Price....\$1.10

NEW BLACK GOODS

All the latest and newest weaves that will be worn this season in reliable makes, in black goods, will be on sale this week at extremely low prices.

NOTE A FEW ITEMS.

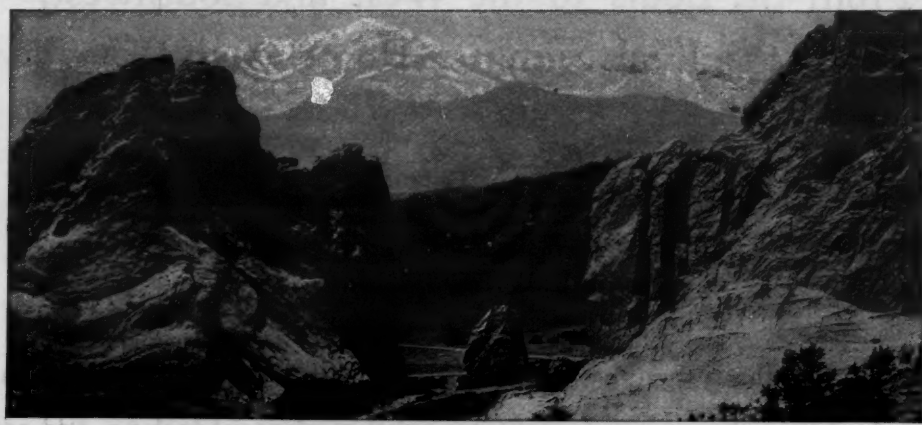
- AT 49c—All-Wool Imported Black and Momie Waistings, Crepe Granite and 44-inch fine All-Wool Cheviot, at49c
- AT 79c—44-inch All-Wool Black Crepe Egyptian English Prunella and Black Thibet, at79c
- AT 98c—50-inch All-Wool Black Canadinsies, 52-inch Venetians and Fine Black Broadcloths, at98c
- AT \$1.00—54-inch All-Wool Black Extra Heavy Pebble Cloth, Canvas, Etamine and Knot Camel's Hair, at\$1.00
- AT \$1.50—The latest novelties in 50-inch Black Imported Twine, with knob effects, and knob Etamine, confined styles, at\$1.50



SPECIAL REDUCTIONS IN
Table Damasks, Towels
and Bedspreads

- 400 yards All Linen Cream Table Damask, 60 inches wide, in scroll designs, were 55c a yard; as long as it lasts at, yard.....35c
- 150 dozen Hemmed Huck Towels, size 22x45, with fancy red borders and extra heavy weave, were 19c each; as a special this week, a yard12½c
- 350 yards Cream Table Damask, 68 inches wide, dice patterns, and extra fine quality, were 69c a yard; as a special run for this week, a yard45c
- 125 Fringe Table Tops, all linen, and dice patterns, cloth that always sells at 55c each; for an opener this week, each.....39c
- 1 case full size Crochet Fringe Bedspreads, 3-ply yarns, and Mar-seilles patterns, were \$1.35 each; as a special this week, each..\$1.00

WASHINGTON AVENUE AND SIXTH STREET.



*Colorado,
Utah*
AND THE
Pacific Coast.
BEST REACHED VIA THE
**MISSOURI
PACIFIC RY.**

OBSERVATION PARLOR CAFE
DINING CARS, MEALS A LA CARTE,
AND PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS
WITH ELECTRIC LIGHTS AND FANS.

DOUBLE · DAILY · SERVICE.
NO CHANGE OF CARS TO CALIFORNIA.

C. C. WARNER, VICE-PREST. RUSSELL HARDING, VICE-PREST. & GEN. MGR.

A. C. BIRD, VICE-PREST.

H. C. TOWNSEND,
GENL. PASSR. & TKT. AGT.,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

CITY TICKET OFFICE
S-E. COR. 6TH & OLIVE STREETS.

The Mirror

A Cool, Restful Trip

From St. Louis to the West and Southwest,
the Ideal Summer Route is the



This popular highway lies along the crest of the Ozarks. If it's cool anywhere, you will find it cool there. And then the scenery constitutes another pleasant feature, and can be comfortably enjoyed from an Observation Car.

TICKET OFFICE: EIGHTH AND OLIVE STREETS.



THE
KATY
FLYER

THE KATY FLYER

**TEXAS,
OKLAHOMA,
INDIAN TERRITORY
AND BACK**

\$15.00

**September 15th,
Final Limit October 6th.**

See the Man at 520 Olive Street.



THE KATY FLYER



THE
KATY
FLYER

